THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, June 22, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 51

IN REMEMBRANCE.

BY RITA.

In Autumn's calmest, fairest hours,
When gold and crimson clothed the trees,
And faint, sweet scents of withering flowers
Were borne on every passing breeze.

They laid him in the narrow tomb,
Cold fell the sods above his breast;
And they went back to days of gloom,
While he rejoiced in light and rest.

O happy soul! Death's hand for thee
Did but unlock the golden gate;
And thou hast passed within, while we,
Outside, in tears and sadness wait.

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"MY darling, listen to me," cried Carlyon, seizing Ethel's hand. "Mr. Bold is probably with your uncle at this very moment; he was going to Verdun early this morning. I will telegraph to him immediately for news."

But the girl refused to be comforted, and it was evident that her overwrought nerves had given way at the recollection of her painful experiences. The excitement of meeting Mrs. Manning and of her love-scene with Carlyon had doubtless also contributed to upset her. To the intense alarm and dismay of her lover, she fainted away as soon as her hysterical outburst had subsided.

"You need not feel alarmed, my dear sir," the doctor who was called in said to Carlyon; "rest and quiet will restore her. To-morrow, if nothing occurs to agitate her in the meanwhile, she can be removed. If there is any bad news, keep it from her. The young lady is suffering from nervous exhaustion, which, if not judiciously treated, may lead to a serious illness; but, with careful nursing, there is no occasion for alarm, I assure you."

The old ladies invited Mrs. Manning to stay at their house for the night, and this arrangement reconciled Carlyon to taking his departure. His spirits were too exuberant to permit him to consider critically the story Ethel had told. The girl was safe, and had consented to be his wife, and these exhilarating circumstances completely overwhelmed his sober judgment. His impression was that Ethel's nervous condition had excited her imagination. He did not fail however to telegraph to Mr. Bold, as he had promised, to ask for old Mr. Helsford, and he also wrote a note to Mr. Gimlet recounting Ethel's statements.

In the evening he called at Chester Square to inquire after Ethel, and was relieved to hear a reassuring account of her. Carlyon was in no mood for solitude, and as he turned away from the door he bethought himself of the luckless Mr. Robert Hunter, who had been exiled to uncomfortable lodgings for his gallant conduct to Ethel in her distress. Reproaching himself for not having done so earlier, he immediately called upon him to tender his heartfelt thanks.

He found the unfortunate gentleman about to sit down to an unappetizing repast. Mr. Robert Hunter was a mild, benevolent, bald-headed old gentleman, whose nervous and subdued manner indicated that he was under the arbitrary rule of his sisters. He received Carlyon's ardent expression of gratitude with a deprecatory air, as though he had been made to feel heartily ashamed of himself. Carlyon was so touched by his desolation that he insisted upon taking him away to more festive scenes, and proposed a dinner at Richmond. The old gentleman endeavored to resist the temptation; but, as Carlyon stoutly refused to take any denial, he meekly put on his hat and accompanied him.

Carlyon was delighted to have a companion, and especially one who seemed interested to hear him talk about Ethel. Mr. Hunter's heart had evidently been rather smitten by his fair protegee, for when he realized that Carlyon was engaged to her he was inclined to turn sulky; but he was far too mild and amiable to cherish resentment, and the first glass of champagne completely restored his good humor.

He presently became quite confidential, and confessed that the real cause of his banishment was the jealousy of his excellent sisters at his marked attentions to Ethel. He frankly avowed that their alarm had not been unfounded, and, in fact, he was so outspoken that, a few hours earlier, Carlyon would have hated him as a dangerous rival. In the present position of affairs however he could afford to be magnanimous, and the consequence was that, with Ethel for the principal topic of conversation, the two spent a jovial evening.

Carlyon insisted upon escorting to his lodgings, a piece of politeness which quite touched the old gentleman, who innocently accepted it as entirely disinterested, overlooking the fact that his lodgings were within a stone's-throw of Chester Square.

Being so near, Carlyon availed himself of the opportunity of spending a delectable hour in gazing up at Ethel's window, until the suspicious glances of a policeman reminded him that it was time to move on. He therefore hailed a cab and drove home, to find upon his arrival a telegram from Mr. Bold, in answer to his own, in the following words—

"My client is not at Verdun. Doctor Giraud seems to have been deceived."

* * * * * *

If old Mr. Helsford was not at Verdun, where was he? This was the obvious question which the telegram suggested, and Carlyon sought in vain for the answer. But thoughts of Ethel obtruded themselves too frequently to enable him to concentrate his attention on the subject; and, now that he had gained Ethel, his interest in her uncle had considerably diminished. No doubt Mr. Bold, being on the spot, would soon discover the old gentleman's hiding-place; and, for the present, all that concerned Carlyon to take care that the alarming news was kept from Ethel.

Notwithstanding that it was very late when he retired to rest, Carlyon rose early the next morning; and his patience had been exhausted long before the hour arrived for escorting Ethel to Stretton. An early train had been fixed upon, and when he reached Chester Square the ladies were ready to accompany him.

Ethel seemed to have entirely recovered at least, her appearance gave her lover no cause for uneasiness, though Mrs. Manning whispered to him to make no reference to her uncle. The leave-taking with the Misses Hunter was of quiet a cordial nature. Ethel's engagement to Carlyon had evidently relieved their minds concerning the possible result of their brother's infatuation, and they showed themselves hospitable and kind-hearted old ladies.

The journey to Stretton was rendered extremely tedious by a breakdown on the line, which delayed the traffic. Mrs. Manning declared that such mismanagement was shameful, and urged Carlyon to write to the Times about it; but Carlyon protested that allowances must be made for unavoidable accidents, and Ethel quite agreed with this view.

At a station called Melford, a few miles from Stretton, Carlyon remarked among the passengers assembled upon the platform a dapper little man, whose face seemed familiar, and who was carrying what appeared to be a small portmanteau carefully wrapped up in paper. At a second glance he recognized, to his surprise, Mr. Gimlet, and observed that he was moving towards one of the compartments of the train by which they were traveling.

The sight of Mr. Gimlet recalled to his mind the telegram he had received from Mr. Bold, and, his curiosity being suddenly revived, he resolved to take the opportunity of ascertaining the detective's opinion upon it. He therefore excused himself to his companions by saying that he wished to speak to a friend who had entered the train, and that he would rejoin them at the next station, and hurried off to the compartment in which Mr. Gimlet had taken his seat.

"Good morning, sir!" said Mr. Gimlet, touching his hat politely as Carlyon entered.

"What brings you here?" inquired Carlyon, who had not [illegible] feeling the

"A little matter of business," said Mr. Gimlet. "Any news of the that we were speaking of, sir?"

"Did you get my letter?" asked Carlyon.

"Yes, sir. Thank you kindly," answered Mr. Gimlet, quite unmoved.

"Well, since then I have received this," said Carlyon, producing Mr. Bold's telegram.

"Just what I expected, sir," said Gimlet quietly, after glancing at the paper.

"Do you mean to say that you did not think Mr. Helsford was at Verdun?" exclaimed Carlyon.

"I could have sworn that he was not."

"Why?"

"Putting two and two together, and what the young lady says," said Mr. Gimlet.

"What is your idea then?" inquired Carlyon. "Where do you think Mr. Helsford is?"

"I think he is much nearer home than Verdun."

"Do you really?"

"I do indeed, sir."

"Have you come down to look for him?" demanded Carlyon abruptly.

"That is about it, sir," said Mr. Gimlet.

"In consequence of my letter?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly. Your letter was brought to me by one of my assistants. The fact is, I came down to Stretton yesterday."

"Yesterday! Well, have you found Mr. Helsford?"

"Not yet," answered Mr. Gimlet, glancing at the portmanteau on the seat opposite.

"What have you got there?" asked Carlyon, noticing his glance.

"I've made a curious discovery, sir," said Mr. Gimlet. "You may remember telling me, sir, that Mr. Stephen Helsford started off from Stretton for London by the eight o'clock train on Christmas morning?"

"Yes, so he did. I inquired at the station," said Carlyon.

"So did I, sir. He started off, but he got out at Melford," said Mr. Gimlet.

"At Melford! Is that the station we have just left?"

"Yes, sir."

"He told me [illegible] do"

same night!" exclaimed Carlyon.

"He couldn't have done that, sir, because there was no boat," replied Mr. Gimlet promptly. "No, sir; he got out at Melford. He asked his way to Melford Abbey where there was a party of guests, and started off to walk there across the fields, carrying his portmanteau."

"Strange!" exclaimed Carlyon.

"I thought I would walk over, just to make some inquiries, for I felt curious," said Mr. Gimlet; "and, going along the path he took, I came upon a copse and a large pond. I suspected something, sir, and I procured assistance and dragged the pond."

"And you found that?" exclaimed Carlyon, opening his eyes.

"Yes, sir; that is what I found."

As he spoke, Mr. Gimlet untied the string which secured the paper covering, and disclosed a leather portmanteau, still wet and stained with mud.

"Do you suppose that belonged to Stephen Helsford?" asked Carlyon.

"Don't you recognize it, sir? You traveled down with him."

"No, I don't."

Not a whit disconcerted, Mr. Gimlet proceeded to unfasten the limp straps, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in opening the portmanteau. He took out [illegible] and waistcoat and a pair of trou[illegible] them for Carlyon's inspe[illegible] recognise any of the [illegible] ared the detective.

"No."

"Luke and Marshall, [illegible] Street," said Mr. Gimlet, reading from the label inside the coat.

"My tailors," exclaimed Carlyon.

"Your tailors, sir?" said Mr. Gimlet, looking up quickly.

"And Stephen Helsford's also," added Carlyon excitedly.

"No doubt, sir. Then there is this," said Mr. Gimlet, producing the last article from the portmanteau—a heavy ulster.

"Ah!" ejaculated Carlyon.

"You recognize it, sir?" inquired Mr. Gimlet.

"I think so—yes, certainly," said Carlyon, turning it about. "The pattern is peculiar. I am certain it is the coat Stephen Helsford was wearing on his journey down to Stretton that night."

"No doubt all these things belonged to him, sir, and the portmanteau too," said Mr. Gimlet, with visible satisfaction, replacing the clothes neatly, and proceeding to fasten up the portmanteau.

"How do you account for finding the things in the pond?" exclaimed Carlyon.

"Somebody put 'em in, sir—perhaps Stephen Helsford himself," answered Mr. Gimlet.

"Do you mean that he tried to drown himself?" asked Carlyon.

"Drown himself? Not he!" said Mr. Gimlet rather contemptuously.

"He was in serious trouble at the time, I know," said Carlyon sharply.

"He isn't one to drown himself, sir," said Mr. Gimlet; "but what he wanted to throw away his portmanteau into that pond for I can't tell you, because I don't know. I've got my own idea, but still it is only an idea, and as such is not worth mentioning."

"You are too modest, Mr. Gimlet. Your idea on the subject would interest me very much," said Carlyon, getting irritated.

"You shall know my idea, sir, and welcome, when I have satisfied myself that it is correct," returned Mr. Gimlet. "Meanwhile"

'Crown' if you should be passing later in the day. Good morning, sir!"

Carlyon's curiosity was aroused by this conversation; the more he considered Mr. Gimlet's revelations the more he was puzzled; and the Vicar's wife was no less bewildered than himself. But, mindful of the doctor's warning, they said nothing to Ethel on the subject. She was somewhat fatigued by the journey and the boisterous welcome of the Vicar's children; so after luncheon, in compliance with Mrs. Manning's orders, she went up to her room, with strict injunctions to remain there for two hours at least.

Carlyon determined to fill in this interval by walking over to Stretton and seeking another interview with the cautious Mr. Gimlet, who, he felt convinced, could further enlighten him if he chose. Upon reaching the town, he remarked unusual signs of animation in the streets, small groups of people being gathered at corners and at tavern-doors, engaged in eager discussion. In front of the "Crown" Inn a tolerable crowd had collected. A fly was standing at the door, and as Carlyon approached there was a flutter of excitement, the attention of the people being directed towards the steps of the inn. Looking up, Carlyon perceived Mr. Gimlet hurrying forth, and it was evident from the deference paid to him that he was in some way associated with the cause of the popular demonstration. Observing Carlyon's approach, the detective called out to him—

"I'm just off, sir. Would you oblige me by driving with me to the station?"

The crowd respectively made way for Carlyon, and he entered the fly, wondering. Mr. Gimlet jumped in after him, and pulled up the window rather viciously in the faces of the inquisitive rustics.

"It is all over the place, sir, you see," said Mr. Gimlet, with an air of vexation. "You've heard of course?"

"I have heard nothing," said Carlyon.

"We have found poor Mr. Helsford, sir," said the detective, lowering his voice.

"Found him! What, here in Stretton?" exclaimed Carlyon, starting.

"Yes, sir—buried in his own garden."

"Dead!" ejaculated Carlyon, with another start.

"Murdered, sir, either on Christmas Eve or early on Christmas morning!"

"Murdered!" cried Carlyon in horror. "[illegible]om?"

[illegible]s nephew, sir, I have very little [illegible] answered Mr. Gimlet.

[illegible]n Helsford a murderer

He made a pretence [illegible]

he left the train at Melford, [illegible]nged his clothes, he walked back across the fields to Stretton. Old Mr. Helsford was seen walking towards Stretton early on Christmas morning," added Mr. Gimlet significantly. "He was accustomed to take his walks early, before people were about, and nobody took particular note of the circumstance at the time."

"But I saw old Mr. Helsford after morning service on Christmas Day, at his own house!" exclaimed Carlyon. "You need not shake your head Mr. Gimlet; I saw and spoke to him, and Mr. Manning, the Vicar of Bilston, was with me."

"It was Stephen Helsford you saw and spoke to, sir," said the detective, with quiet assurance.

"What! Do you mean to suggest then that Stephen Helsford personated his uncle?" said Carlyon, startled.

"No doubt of it, sir. The bandage the poor gentleman wore over his face, and his eccentric habits, favored the deception," said the detective. "It was cleverly carried out; but Stephen Helsford had the assistance of a very clever woman."

"It is all nonsense—absurd, ridiculous!" cried Carlyon, after a few moments of agitated reflection. "Why, I—I saw old Mr. Helsford months afterwards at Pont des Pults! I had an interview with him."

"Stephen Helsford, sir," said the detective quietly.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Carlyon emphatically. "It was not Stephen Helsford. Stephen Helsford was in London when I left for Pont des Pults, and, on my return, I drove straight to the Blenheim Club, where I found him."

"When you think carefully over the circumstances, sir, you will no doubt discover that Stephen Helsford was in advance of you," said Mr. Gimlet. "He knew you were going over to see his uncle, of course, sir?"

"Well, he did—but only at the last moment," admitted Carlyon reluctantly. "I wrote him a note to his club, and—and——"

[illegible] interrogated Mr. Gimlet, as

Pont des Pults. It now occurred to him that, if Helsford was aware of the Calais and Amiens route, he could not only have easily preceded him on the outward journey, but could also have traveled back by the night mail on the evening of the interview in the Rue de la Monarchie.

"It seems incredible to you, sir, for the moment, no doubt," said the detective, glancing at Carlyon's bewildered expression with a grin of satisfaction; "but you may take my word for it. I thought the matter over after our conversation on board the steamer the other night, and the facts have worked out exactly as I expected."

"What was his motive?" idquired Carlyon, convinced in spite of himself.

"Desperation—fraud. He has done pretty well, by all accounts."

"And this—this villain," cried Carlyon, with a sudden outburst of indignation—"this villain dared to make love to his cousin!"

"He knew, sir, that his uncle had left the young lady a fortune, as Mr. Bold told me," said Mr. Gimlet. "He found out somehow that Mr. Bold had the will, and he was afraid of him; else probably he would have forged a fresh one. He seems to have had the idea of marrying his cousin; though how he could have expected Polly Marks would have stood that I can't imagine."

"Who was Polly Marks?" inquired Carlyon.

"Well, sir, the nurse, as she called herself," replied Mr. Gimlet, with a grin. "She found out what was going on somehow."

"Mrs. Manning wrote a letter to Pont des Pults, addressed of course to old Mr. Helsford," interposed Carlyon.

"She insisted upon having the young lady over, you may depend, sir," said Mr. Gimlet; "and I can quite understand that Miss Vivian had an uncomfortable time of it. The woman was evidently determined at all hazards to stop Stephen Helsford's little game in that direction, and, in order to do this, she ran a most serious risk."

"What risk?" inquired Carlyon, so astonished that he was hardly able to grasp the details of Mr. Gimlet's explanation.

"The risk of Miss Vivian's discovering that her uncle had disappeared," answered the detective a little impatiently. "The [illegible] have [illegible] the room [illegible] all the time she was at Pont des [illegible] saw him," said Carlyon rather [illegible].

"She surprised Stephen Helsford on one of his visits," returned Mr. Gimlet, growing irritable at his companion's dulness. "Excuse me, sir, but you are a bit taken aback. When you come to think the matter over you will see clearer."

They had reached the station by this time, and while Mr. Gimlet was obtaining his ticket Carlyon strolled about the platform, making strenuous efforts to realise and to digest the astounding facts which had been imparted to him. He was so far successful that, when the detective rejoined him, he was prepared with various critical questions.

"You don't suppose Doctor Giraud was a party to this nefarious transaction?" he inquired.

"I think he was paid well to render certain services without asking questions," said Mr. Gimlet. "I have no doubt the young lady frightened Stephen Helsford and his accomplice, and led them to believe that she suspected something was wrong. They placed her in Doctor Giraud's establishment to ease her mind, and to keep her out of the way while they collared as much of the swag as they could."

"There appears to have been some one in Doctor Giraud's house suffering from a similar disease to that with which old Mr. Helsford was afflicted," said Carlyon, remembering Ethel's statement.

"Yes, sir; and I haven't quite got to the bottom of that part of the business yet," replied Mr. Gimlet, moving forward, as his train was signalled. "You see, sir, the disappearance of old Mr. Helsford had to be accounted for. I suspect that Stephen Helsford latterly modified his plans and resigned himself to the idea of bolting; but I think at one time he intended that Doctor Giraud's patient should be made to personate his uncle. I shouldn't wonder if, when the poor fellow was dying and was past praying for, he was to be brought to Rouen to die in charge of the nurse. I suspect that was the real reason why they kept up the fiction that the uncle was lying at Rouen. But of course the moment [illegible]ped from Verdun the [illegible]s no alternative

"I suppose it was the doctor's telegram, announcing Miss Vivian's escape, which brought Helsford to Rouen on the day we found him there?" said Carlyon.

"Yes; he started off from town suddenly, in consequence of a telegram. I ascertained that," replied Mr. Gimlet, as he entered the train.

"Then when he sent sent me to Verdun he knew perfectly well that Miss Vivian was not there!" said Carlyon, with indignation.

"Yes, sir, of course. Oh, he got you out of the way nicely, sir! If you hadn't called at the Rue Favart that morning, they would have been in gaol now, both of 'em," said Mr. Gimlet, as the train moved off, unable apparently to forgive Carlyon for his innocent interference.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE tragic story of old Mr. Helsford's supposed murder caused the greatest consternation in Stretton and the neighborhood. Even the blase sensation-seekers of the metropolis read of the occurrence in the newspaper with a passing thrill of excitement. But the denouement which was eagerly anticipated as the result of an official inquiry into the circumstances of Mr. Helsford's death proved tame and disappointing, for, though the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "murder," no particular person was accused of the crime. This was partly owing to the reticence of Mr. Gimlet; for that astute person, on professional grounds, took care not to reveal all that he knew. The main reason however was the impenetrable stupidity of the local witnesses, by whom certain details which would have seriously compromised the dead man's nephew were either suppressed altogether or stated in such a manner as to convey entirely erroneous impressions.

Carlyon successfully employed what influence he possessed to save Ethel Vivian and himself the painful duty of appearing in the witness-box; and indeed, as the fact of Stephen Helsford's visit to his uncle on that fatal Christmas Eve was amply proved, neither Carlyon nor Ethel Vivian could have thrown any useful light upon the matter at the initial stage of the proceedings.

The consequence was that a few months [illegible]ced to allay all curiosity and excite[illegible]s, and Mr. Helsford's shocking mur[illegible] the limbo of local tradi-

[illegible]yon, who, both on his own account, and [illegible]ore particularly on Ethel's, had retained a vivid recollection of the dreadful affair, found it difficult to realize how completely it had been obliterated from the public mind.

One evening when he came down unexpectedly to Stretton to visit Ethel and the Mannings, and was driven by a flyman along the road which passed by Clive Lodge, he observed with surprise that the house was again inhabited, and inquired of the driver who the tenant was. The man told him the name of the new comer, where he came from, and what he had paid for the house; but, though Carlyon was a stranger to him, and was apparently interested in local gossip, he did not think it worth while to tell him a word about Mr. Helsford and his shocking death.

Though Carlyon was surprised at the man's indifference, on that occasion he was in no mood to pursue a melancholy or philosophical train of reflection. A week later would be his wedding-day, and he was paying what would probably be his last visit to Ethel before the momentous ceremony. His mind was filled with personal and domestic details of a peculiarly absorbing and entrancing kind. The house—the future abode of Ethel and himself, situated in a pretty suburb of London—had been taken, and partly furnished. It was a question at the moment of tints and shades, of patterns for curtains and hangings, of designs for ornaments and decorations, concerning which Ethel had to be consulted. Carlyon's pockets were stuffed with estimates and written memoranda of all kinds to be submitted to Ethel for her edification and approval.

At the sound of wheels the door of Bilstone Vicarage was thrown open, and the jolly face of the Vicar became visible as he cried—

"It is he, Ethel! By Jove, Harriet, the girl was right! She is a true prophet. How are you, old boy? If I had known you were coming to-day I would have met you at the station."

"I have several things to consult Ethel about," said Carlyon, as he wrung his friend's hand. "I have had a letter from Mr. Bold too, which she will be glad to hear of."

"Oh, about that affair?" inquired the Vicar, with a passing shadow on his genial face.

"Hush! Yes. Hallo, here are Ethel and Mrs. Manning!"

Carlyon rushed eagerly forward, and for the next few minutes there was a pleasant and animated scene, enlivened by incessant witticisms contributed by the head of the house, and unchecked by his smiling bright-eyed little wife, who knew that by that time Ethel and her lover were proof against his jests. The girl was overwhelmed with confusion, but she flew to Carlyon for protection; and Carlyon, no longer in the least sensitive, repaid the parson in his own coin, giving back joke for joke, amid general laughter and good-humor.

At length, when the laughter had for a moment subsided, Ethel raised her eyes to Carlyon's face, with a grave questioning expression in them, to which he at once responded by saying—

"I have brought down a letter which I have just received from Mr. Bold, dearest."

An interval of silence followed these words; then Carlyon drew a letter from his pocket and read aloud as follows—

"My dear Carlyon—I have decided, after consultation with the police authorities, that it will be wise to abandon the idea of prosecuting Doctor Giraud for his participation in the conspiracy regarding the affairs of my late client, Mr. Helsford. I hasten to apprise you of this decision, because I can quite appreciate Miss Vivian's reluctance to give evidence in a French criminal court."

"Oh, I am so thankful it is settled so!" interposed Ethel fervently. "Now perhaps we may forget—if we can—that—that awful time."

"And your happiness will be unclouded, my dear child," whispered the Vicar's wife, squeezing the girl's hand sympathetically.

Carlyon, in a summary but effective manner, proceeded to chase away the troubled look from Ethel's face, and then went on with Mr. Bold's letter.

"The reason of our decision is that we could not be reasonably certain of procuring a conviction in the French courts. The doctor still declares that [illegible] believed the patient was my poor friend, though it can be proved that the unfortunate patient—who has since died—was a French man, and I believe the doctor brought him to his establishment, with full knowledge of his nationality. As regards the extraordinary treatment which Miss Vivian was subjected to, he of course absolutely denies her statements, and the young lady's evidence would be entirely unsupported, unless we could get hold of some of the servants, who, up to the present, have been cleverly kept out of the way. We can only hope that the scandal which the affair has caused will give the Doctor a severe lesson.

"Nothing further has been heard of that unhappy man, Stephen Helsford, since he and his guilty companion were reported to be in Venezuela. I am afraid Miss Vivian's charitable wish will be realised, and that he will be left to suffer through his conscience for his crimes. I note with pleasure that Miss Vivian has entirely recovered her health, and that your wedding is fixed to take place on the 18th inst. at the church of your friend the Vicar of Bilston."

"Unless I am in the meantime made a bishop," interposed the Reverend Peter, "in which case I shall insist upon the ceremony taking place in my own cathedral."

"The rest of the letter is unimportant," said Carlyon, folding it up rather hastily. "He sends congratulations and best wishes."

But Mrs. Manning was too quick for him, and, before he could return the letter to his pocket, she pounced upon it, and then, with a smile, proceeded to read—

"The marriage settlement is ready for signature at any time, and, as arranged, Miss Vivian's money is settled strictly upon herself. As to your scruples, my dear Carlyon, permit me to say that they are absurd. The young lady is not a formidable heiress, and if she were, I consider that in marrying you she would be making what is called a good match. But, when I tell you that Stephen Helsford's forgeries have been ascertained to amount to upwards of £15,000, you will guess that your future wife cannot be deemed wealthy, though the remainder of her uncle's bequest is happily considerable. I do not think that Stephen Helsford took away very much of the plunder with him; it went chiefly in paying pressing debts and in gambling transactions, not to men-

tion the bribe to Doctor Giraud and other heavy expenses."

"Well, that is a good thing, any way," said the parson heartily.

"It is very lucky for you, Ethel darling, that so much of your uncle's fortune has disappeared, else I really believe that ridiculous Eustace would have broken off the match," said Mrs. Manning, with much solemnity.

"Will the little money that I have the misfortune to possess make you love me less, Eustace?" murmured Ethel.

Carlyon's answer was a rapturous embrace; and then the parson burst forth indignantly—

"I say, though, do you mean to tell me that Helsford, and that woman, and the Doctor are to be allowed to get off scot free? If so, it is a scandalous miscarriage of justice."

"'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord,'" quoted his wife solemnly. "The words do not mean that, when a criminal escapes human justice, he escapes altogether the punishment of his crimes. Depend upon it," added Mrs. Manning emphatically, "that God never permits a sin to pass unpunished."

"Do you mean here—on this earth?" murmured Carlyon.

"Yes, here, on this earth," replied Mrs. Manning.

During the silence which ensued, the Reverend Peter seemed to be meditating a theological argument upon the subject, and his wife glanced at him expectantly. He shook his head, and looked very serious indeed while contemplating with wrinkled brow the anxious faces of the others. Then, after a prolonged pause, he spoke.

"My dear," he said gravely to his wife, "I think you had better ring for dinner. After his journey Carlyon must be as hungry as a hunter."

[THE END]

A QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

PERMISSION to attend is the first indispensable preliminary to presentation at Court. This is no mere matter of form, although, in these days, the doors are open wide, and all manner of people have the entree who would once have been denied; still the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department look closely into all applications.

These must be lodged in advance at the office in St. James' Palace, and, with each, the name of a good sponsor, in the person of a lady who has already been presented, and who has promised to attend the same Drawing Room, as the presentee.

It is a fact that the Court officials do not always decide cases. Where there is doubt or difficulty, the Queen's commands are taken. Her Majesty has a very close and personal acquaintance with the ins and outs of society, far larger and deeper than is generally supposed. When a veto against presentation is pronounced, it often emanates from her own Royal hand.

With the debutante, when she is approved, the second step is to learn to curtsey, and the third to order the Court train. For the first, there are regular places of instruction, if the art of making a "cheese," as our grandmothers called it, has not been already acquired at school. Curtseying is a knack easily learnt. But the choice of a presentation dress is like a wedding dress—one of the principal events in a young girl's life. Yet the fashion does not vary much, except, perhaps, as regards bodice and trimmings, which will follow the latest style of the evening-dress of the time. The trains, too, are always the same, eight or nine yards long, and made of some costly material—silk, satin, velvet, or brocade.

The debutante's train, however, her whole Court dress, indeed, is always simple and always white. Her trimmings are also white; flowers generally—white lilies, white roses, white carnations—and a white bouquet. The simplicity of the debutante's dress governs its cost, which need never be excessively high. A sufficient price, even at the best Court dressmakers, is from seventeen to eighteen guineas.

It must be remembered, too, that there is some set-off against this first outlay. The presentation dress, when it has served its turn, is always converted into an evening dress or ball gown. Some stipulation of this kind is generally made when it is ordered.

With Court trains other than those for brides or debutantes, there is, of course, a much wider field of choice, both as regards colors and materials. A "smart" woman will be very particular about her Court train, the dress in which she appears before the head of society, and which is certain to be noticed, perhaps criticized, by august personages.

The Princess of Wales, it is well known, has a very keen eye for dress—fashions and "fit" have always interested her greatly; and the Prince of Wales is little less observant, and often enough conveys a compliment to the pretty wearer of a peculiarly becoming train. So it is that many ladies strive to get something out of the common.

Not long ago the wife of a famous colonial governor was especially remarkable at a drawing room in a train made of gorgeous Chinese embroideries, a magnificent pattern of red and green dragons on yellow silk. Another lady, with Indian connections, used a quantity of splendid gold tissue of Benares. A third, who was the fortunate possessor of much old lace, almost priceless, Venetian point, had it skilfully arranged over deep ruby velvet. In this latter case there was no little anxiety at the atelier where the train was made, and the costly lace was kept carefully locked up in the counting-house until the very day the dress was completed and sent home.

The style of the wearer, her color, complexion and shade of hair, must also be closely studied, and the dress made in becoming shade. Many still remember the superb appearance of Lady Randolph Churchill, a beautiful brunette, in a pale shade of amber yellow with crimson flowers; Lady Warwick, too (then Lady Brooke), who is surprisingly fair, was lovely at another Drawing Room, in heliotrope. The practical side is sometimes remembered, as when the Marchioness of Salisbury, in her commendable desire to encourage home manufactures, would have her Court dress in English made silks.

When there is no special reason for using particular stuffs, the fashion is followed, which inclines very much to embroideries just now. Some beautiful design in passementerie, as it is called, is embroidered on the train.

It is plain, of course, that the more elaborate Court trains will run to high figures as regards price. Ladies are often asked, and do not hesitate to pay, as much as forty, fifty, even seventy guineas for the presentation dress. But, as in the case of the debutante's, these Court trains are converted afterwards, so that there is some subsequent economy in the first outlay. Not only do the front and skirt become a smart evening or dinner dress, but the train makes a second of the same kind; yet more, when the train has been lined with a different material in a different color, the lining provides prudent people with a third dress, or skirt, at least. Thus the first considerable expense is counterbalanced by the possession of three good and lasting dresses, all in first-rate style.

At a great Court dressmaker's for weeks weeks before a Drawing-room it is like a fair. The show-rooms are thronged with eager customers, and bright with the gorgeous stuffs strewn about; while pretty "figures," the graceful girl assistants, walk to and fro on carpets of snow-white linen sheets, to show off the costly dresses that must not be soiled.

Here is a duchess who has brought her jewel-box full of costly gems: she is taking counsel which of them shall be utilized and how, for it is the fashion nowadays to use much jewelry, to enchance the effect of the train.

There is another great dame waiting almost at the end of her patience for the French fitter, whose marvellous skill will give skin-tight perfection to her dress; others are in close conference with the "chief of the skirt department," whose talents are much in request, and upon whom the success of the train greatly depends.

Flitting to and fro, seemingly ubiquitous and always supreme, is "Madame" herself, the head of the house, the artistic chief, who has an eye everywhere and a word for everybody; now criticizing, now correcting, a touch here, a suggestion there, some spray of flower, some new head-dress, some clever arrangement of ostrich feathers, or cunning combinations of colors. She is looked up to by all, by both clients and employees, her words are treasured, her fiats final.

As the last day approaches, the excitement increases to fever heat. There is never a moment to spare. Some ladies are incorrigible, and will not unfrequently leave their orders so late that it seems impossible to complete them in time. Yet at the great houses it is not uncommon for a Court train to be ordered, cut out, fitted, and sent home within twenty-four hours. But these tours de force are only accomplished by incessant work: it is these that bring down the wrath of the Factory Inspectors, who are never more active than in the nights immediately before a Drawing-Room. To work extra time is inevitable then. The best houses will often turn out ten, twenty, even thirty Court trains for one Drawing Room, and this cannot be done without overtime.

There is a tradition in one famous house of an all-night sitting, when the head and proprietor was present throughout, and superintended the issue of hot soup and spiced drinks to her devoted staff. With all these supreme efforts, it often happens that the presentation dress does not reach its wearer until her carriage, with its powdered flunkeys, is at her door.

But the triumph comes when the cards are issued, inviting a select circle of favored customers to view the whole, before they are sent home.

SOME ASPECTS OF SLEEP.—Few of man's blessings have on the whole received worthier acknowledgment than Sleep. It wraps a man round like a garment, as Sancho Panza says, be that man monarch or mendicant. Deservedly beloved from Pole to Pole, Sleep is yet in certain of his aspects a very Robin Goodfellow, a tricksy sprite, full of pranks and caprices. Where his presence is a matter of indifference, or where he is not wanted—where a suspicion of his presence is objectionable or insulting—where he is a burden and a disgrace, there Sleep drops and clings like a bore. Where he is longed for, prayed for, wooed—where, like a thrifty housewife, he might advantageously be employed knitting up "the ravelled sleeve," there, like the statue of Brutus, he is conspicuous by his absence. He is no mere domestic drudge, hired to make himself useful. Visits he a sick-room, he does so—not to bring refreshment and restore tranquility to the invalid tossing, helplessly, open-eyed, hour after hour, on his feverish couch. By no means; here, the malicious elf slyly seals up the eyes of the nurse, and weighs down the eyelids of the would-be watcher.

No paradoxical a blessing is Sleep, that he not only makes his votaries oblivious of every other blessing, but is also unconscious of his own visits, until they are past. His approach is felt, his departure mourned, his presence unknown. He binds capriciously certain of our faculties, leaving the others free to make either a heaven out of a hell of carking cares, or a hell of heavenly happiness. So that the paradox that there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, is, as regards Sleep, a truism. Friendly where treated a friend, his revenge for ill entertainment, for thwarting neglect, if slow, is sure. Youth flouts him for the sake of pleasure, to toss, later on, on a sleepless couch. The student baffles him for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and in long periods of insomnia has leisure to count his gains. The tie between man and Sleep is so strongly welded, that he who is divorced from Sleep will either die or become a madman.

FLOWERS.—The discoloration of flowers when they are preserved and dried as botanical specimens is said to be due to ammonia in the atmosphere. In order to prevent this action, it has recently been recommended to use for pressing absorbent paper which has been baked in a one per cent. solution of oxalic acid and dried. The use of such paper enables specimens to be preserved with their colors unimpaired.

A French doctor has pointed out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight over a given period, may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few people, says this French investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a rule, the correctness of his scales may be doubted, the weight of the clothing not taken into account, the time which has elapsed since eating, etc. As a matter of fact the weight of the body is continuously changing, owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after breakfast a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent. of the body consists of water, and thus its weight must vary with the transpiration of moisture. Therefore the inferences drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces per day are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.

PASSENGER: "Don't the passengers make you tired about the questions they ask you?" Captain: Yes; very much. What else is it you want to know?"

Bric-a-Brac.

CLOCKS NOT NEEDED.—Liberia is the only more or less civilized country where clocks are almost entirely dispensed with. The sun rises exactly at 6 A. M. and sets at 6 P. M. throughout the year, and is vertically overhead at noon.

A LONG EXISTING IMPOSTURE.—When an Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of a princess, was recently unrolled a curious discovery took place. The priests who did the embalming probably spoiled or mislaid the body entrusted to them, and for it substituted that of a male negro.

A DANCE ALPHABET.—A dance alphabet has recently been invented by a Russian professor, who has devoted 52 years of his life to teaching dancing in the Russian Imperial College. His invention consists of minute figures which represent every conceivable position the human legs can assume.

CRAMP.—Cigarette maker's cramp, so well-known in the tobacco manufactories of Spain, has recently made its appearance in the French State factories. It is preceded by a dull pain, which is now and then acute. The Spanish women employed in making cigarettes use their hands merely, the French women use machines.

WORTH NOTING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to twenty nine thousand two hundred hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years, so that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added; wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the despatch of business.

ODDITIES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—Many, indeed, are the curious customs connected with the Russian army. For instance, none but giants are allowed in the Preobrashenski bodyguard regiment, a set of men in whom the Imperial family take special interest. This regiment was founded by Peter the Great, and originally consisted of his personal friends, all of whom far exceeded the average stature. To the Ismailowski Regiment none but fair men are admitted, while a turned up nose is the qualifying adornment of the Pawlow Guards. The Guards Chasseurs, on the other hand, are composed exclusively of dark-haired men.

OCCULT POWER OF GEMS.—Precious stones have always been credited with more or less occult power. According to superstition, sapphire produces somnambulism, and impels the wearer to all good works. Cateye is considered by the Cingalese as a charm against witchcraft. Moonstone has the virtue of making trees fruitful and curing epilepsy. Emerald promotes friendship and constancy of mind. Crystal induces visions, promotes sleep and insures good dreams. The Burmese believe that the ruby ripens like fruit. Agate quenches thirst, and if held in the mouth allays fever. Coral is a talisman against enchantments, thunder, witchcraft and the perils of flood and field. A bouquet composed of diamonds, loadstones and sapphires combined renders a person almost invincible and wholly irresistible.

NEW CONDITIONS.—An interesting account is given of the manner in which rats, as well as cats have been made to adapt themselves to new conditions of existence. At the cold-storage warehouses at Pittsburgh, mice and rats were originally unknown, the temperature being too low for them. But after a few months, rats appeared, and they were clothed in long and thick fur, Nature having presented them with "greatcoats" to meet the rigors of a temperature far below the freezing-points. Cats were now turned into the rooms to try conclusions with the rats; but the poor creatures pined and died. Presently, a cat with unusually thick fur was found, which survived the ordeal, and by careful attention, a litter of kittens was reared. By this means a number of cold-proof cats have been distributed among the storage-houses, cats which, curiously enough, cannot live in the open air during the hot season.

AN office building about to be erected in Cleveland will be provided with a bicycle stall for the use of the tenants, which leads The Leader of that city to remark: "Who can tell but a brand new business will be created by the establishment of bicycle livery stables, in which the silent steeds may be groomed and cared for while their owners are not using them?"

WHY ART THOU WEEPING?

BY G. R.

Why art thou weeping when others are glad?
Why art thou silent when others are gay?
Pale as the blossom that hangs down its head
When evening o'ershadows the sun's golden ray;
Mourneth thy spirit o'er days that are gone,
O'er hopes vainly cherish'd and friendship's decay?
Oh! ever life's stream, as it glideth still on,
Is ruffled and chafed by the rocks in its way.

Why art thou weeping when others are glad?
Why art thy silent when others are gay?
Do the flowers that in Summer their sweet fragrance shed,
Shroud their folds from the beauty and light of the day?
Whatever the sorrow that preys on thy heart,
Sigh and tears and silence become thee not now:
Then look up in hope, bid each dark cloud depart,
And the sunshine of joy shall return to thy brow.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED).

SHE turned her head away, but he knew that there were tears in her eyes. What could he say? He could not explain that if they met him alone, and without her, to-morrow, they would be as friendly as usual. What could he say to ease her wounded heart?

"Look here, Nance," he said at last, "that's all nonsense about separating me from my friends. Of course, they couldn't stop and talk if they didn't know you. And even if they were lost to me, do you think I should care while I had you? You are all the world to me—just all the world—and I want no other friend—no one but you, Nance."

A tear ran down her cheek, and her hand stole into his, and fluttered there like a wounded bird. But though she seemed contented and soothed, she understood the significance of the incident full well.

Bernard understood it too, and suffered a pang as much as she did. But wholly on her account.

It cut him to the heart that she should have been slighted and scorned, and for his sake. For his sake!

He drew her to him and kissed her with passionate remorse and tender pity, and as he did so there rose within him the resolution to make her his lawful wife, even against her will.

That evening she seemed to have forgotten the meeting in the lane, but now and again a shadow crossed her face, as she sat at his feet with her book lying face downwards on her lap, and presently she said—

"Cyril, I want you to do something for me."

"Name it, oh, queen," he responded, instantly dropping his paper and looking down at her.

"I want you to go to London to-morrow——"

"And bring me some singing leaves," he said, quoting and alluding to Lowell's poem, which she had read to him.

"No, do not bring anything. I want you to go and—and see your friends. Stay there all day, and spend the time as you used to do before—before I came to spoil your life——"

"Now, Nance."

"Forgive me, dear!" she murmured in a low voice, and letting her head fall softly against his knee. "That was unkind and ungenerous. But don't you see what I want? That the thought of all you have surrendered *for* me is making me wretched? Don't refuse to go, Cyril, don't."

"All right," he said quietly, soothingly, "I will go and get my letters and look in at the club. I see what you want you artful one. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, eh? And you know well enough that I shall be dying to get back to you, and shall love you all the better for being away from you."

She smiled inscrutably. "Yes, that is it," she said. "How well you understood me!"

"Of course I do," he retorted. "Very well; I'll go up to town to-morrow. There are one or two things we want—some more books, for instance. I suppose if I'm away for three or four hours it will serve your purpose?"

"No," she said, "do not come back till after dinner. Dine at your club or wherever it is you dine, and enjoy yourself with your friends. Then I shall feel that I have not robbed you of everything."

She, herself, ordered the dog-cart to take him to the station after breakfast, but though she was more than usually cheerful during that meal, her face grew pale and her eyes moist as the moment came for him to depart.

"Say the word, and I'll stay, Nance," he said, as folded in his arms she hid her face against his heart. "Remember that you are sending me away, and against my will."

"No, no," she said, smiling up at him and fighting her tears successfully. "You shall go, but—this is the first time we have parted, Cyril, isn't it?"

"And it shall be the last, unless you drive me away again, dearest," he said.

She stood at the door and waved him an adieu as the dog cart drove away, then went up to her room and flung herself down on her knees beside the bed. But only for a moment or two, and she rose and wiped away her tears, chiding herself reproachfully. She felt that she had done right in sending him. But the hours—heaven, with what weary slowness they dragged themselves along! She could not read for thinking of him, and as she was unaccustomed to absolute indolence, she looked round for something to do. Her eyes fell upon the lace-pillow which Bernard had brought from Eden-row with the other things, and with a sigh that was half a painful one and half one of relief, she took it down to the parlor and began to make some lace.

Bernard went straight to his rooms, conscious of a feeling of strangeness as he walked along the well-known streets and ascended the familiar stairs. It seemed to him as if he had been away for years, as if he were another person; as if the old Bernard Yorke had died and he were his ghost.

Robson was dusting the room, and received his master with surprise and pleasure. Bernard had a knack of winning the regard of his servants and inferiors.

"Oh, Mr. Bernard!" exclaimed Robson, "I didn't know you were coming back, or I'd have had the place ready, sir. Shall I get you some breakfast?"

Bernard laughed. What a different life—a healthier, purer life he had been leading lately to the old one of late hours and fashionable dissipation!

"I breakfasted hours ago; in the dark ages, Robson, thanks," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Robson, discreetly suppressing any sign of curiosity or surprise. "Will you lunch or dine at home, sir? I've kept the bed aired."

"No; and I am off back to—to where I'm staying, this afternoon," said Bernard. "These the letters?" And he took the pile from the mantelshelf.

"Any news?"

"N—o, sir, not much," replied Robson, looking at his master and wondering where he had been and what he had been doing. "Whatever he's been up to," he thought, "it's agreed with him. Never saw him look better." "No, sir. Pear Blossom won the Handicap, and Lord Stoyle backed her very heavy. They say he's won ten thousand or more."

Bernard nodded without looking up from his letters.

"Hope you had something on Robson."

"Thank you. I had a trifle. But his lordship is a lucky gentleman, isn't he, sir? He always manages to spot the winner."

"Lord Stoyle knows his way about," said Bernard absently. He had come upon a letter in his father's florid hand, and it made him vaguely uneasy. The dear old, young father!

"DEAR BERNARD"—it ran—"I wonder whether you would care to run down here a few days? It's rather rough to ask you just in the middle of the season, and when I know you are wanted so much, and are enjoying yourself; but I am rather hipped and out of sorts. For the first time for goodness knows how many years I have had to call in old Blunderly, the doctor. He came, and we laughed and chatted; and I've got a bottle of medicine on the mantelshelf which I need not say I've no intention of taking. I think I want a tonic—fancy me taking a tonic!—and the most effective one I think of is yourself, my dear lad. Run down if you can, and cheer up your dad.—Your loving father,

"TERRENCE YORKE"

"P. S.—I open this to say I'm better. There wasn't anything the matter with me really, though that old Blunderly hinted that there was something wrong with the heart. Of course there is! Why, I can't see a pretty girl without feeling it quiver as if it were on wires, and never could. Don't trouble to come down; I may run up to you. By the way, give my love to Miss Damerel when you see her, and tell her—well, perhaps I'd better tell her myself that if I were twenty years younger I'd try and persuade her to change her name. You lucky youth! I'll explain why when I see you. By the way, it occurs to me that you might want some cash. There is a cheque inside this."

"Dear old father!" Bernard murmured. He longed to go down to him, but—well, his first duty was to the woman who had the greatest claim to him. He could not leave Nance for even a night. He wrote a hasty, affectionate note to Sir Terence, then opened the rest of his letters.

They were mostly invitations and bills, and he dropped them into the waste paper basket with impartial indifference.

Then he put on his hat and went down to the club. On his way he stopped at a jeweller's and bought a plain, but heavy gold bracelet, and a couple of sufficiently costly rings for Nance. "Though," he thought to himself, as he dropped them into his pocket, "she would be just as well pleased with a penny bunch of flowers! God bless my darling!"

He lunched at the Corinthian, and was greeted with unfeigned warmth by his friends. Some of them insisted upon his sharing their table, and playing a game of billiards with them afterwards; but though he was not insensible of their kindness, his thoughts strayed to Long Ditton, to Myrtle Cottage, and Nance; and, while he played with his usual skill, he longed to be back with her.

Tearing himself away with some difficulty, he went to a bookseller's in Regent Street, and was choosing some novels and volumes of poems for Nance, when a young lady entered. Bernard was in the throes of selecting from a pile of more or less interesting volumes, and scarcely looked up as she came near him, and was startled into an exclamation on hearing his name spoken by Felicia Damerel's voice.

He dropped the book he had been holding, and turned to her.

She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face was very grave. But it looked very lovely with the flush which deepened on it as he took her hand.

"Miss Damerel!" he said. "This—this is [illegible] away for years.

—y?" she said, softly. "I have not left London, and I often come here for books."

Bernard colored, then he glanced at her black dress.

"I've—I've been away," he said. "And you know when you've been away you always think that everyone else has. But," lowering his voice, "you are in mourning."

Her dark eyes scanned his face intently.

"Have you not heard?" she said, in a low voice.

"N—o," he said, uneasily, almost guiltily.

"Where can you have been?" she said. "Out of the civilized world?"

"Yes," he said, awkwardly. "I've been—— But who is it? I am so sorry."

She turned to the counter, and took up the book she had purchased. "I am going home to tea," she said. "If you care to come——"

Bernard hesitated for a moment. There would just be time for him to take a cup of tea with Lady Winshire and Miss Damerel, and catch the train he had chosen to Long Ditton.

He accompanied her in the brougham—failing to notice that the coachman and footmen were in mourning liveries—and then they drove to Lady Winshire's.

As he looked round the luxurious drawing-room it seemed once more to him as if he were his own ghost. Had he really been on the point of asking Felicia Damerel to be his wife?

She was as beautiful as ever, as she sat at the table pouring out the tea; but her beauty did not appeal to his senses any longer. His heart was full of Nance—Nance, with her red-gold hair and violet eyes, with her soft, flute-like voice and bewildering grace.

"You take sugar, I know," said Felicia.

"Thanks," he said. "How good of you to remember! How is Lady Winshire, and where is she?"

She looked at him steadily for a moment; then her beautiful eyes—and though they were not as lovely as Nance's, they were beautiful—dropped.

"Then it is really true that you do not know?" she said, very quietly. "Lady Winshire is dead."

"Dead!" He put down his cup, and stared at her aghast.

"Yes," she said as quietly as before. "I cannot understand why you do not know it. Where have you been? Have you not seen the papers? She has been dead more than a month."

Bernard could only stare.

"It was an accident. She was getting out of the carriage at Marlborough House when the horses, startled by a band—I think it was a Salvation Army band—started forward and bolted. She was thrown to the ground, and—" She stopped. "The doctors said it was the sudden shock."

Bernard still stared at her.

"I have heard nothing," he said.

Then he remembered the newspaper boy, with his yell of "Haccident to a countess!" and he covered his eyes.

"I cannot think where you have been," she said. "It was in all the papers."

"I—I have not seen the papers," he said awkwardly.

"No? Have you been abroad?"

"No," he said. "The fact is—but, oh, I am so sorry," and his hand went up to his eyes again. Lady Winshire had been a good friend to him, and he mourned her death sincerely.

"Yes; I am sure you must be. She was—well, yes, rather fond of you. But I daresay you wonder why I am still here."

Bernard had not had time to think of the fact, but it struck him, as she alluded to it, as singular.

Felicia Damerel cast down her eyes for a moment, then raised them to his.

"Lady Winshire left me all her private fortune," she said, quietly.

"I—I am glad," said Bernard.

"Thank you. It is a very large one. Everybody is surprised—I was astounded—at its extent. I am that most unfortunate of women—a rich heiress."

Bernard remembered the line in his father's letter and understood it. He colored.

"I—I congratulate you," he said. "She could not have left the money to a more worthy person."

"Thanks," she said. There was a pause. Bernard stirred his tea.

"And now tell me where you have been and what you have been doing," she said, with a smile—the smile which a woman gives when she wants to win a confidence.

Bernard took up a slice of bread-and-butter, and wondered whether he should catch his train.

[illegible] he said carelessly.

"Yes?" she said. "I did not know you were as fond of it as all that. One does not leave London for the river for a whole month——"

"I got rather tired of London," he said feebly. "I've got a cottage up there. It's very jolly, and—and——" He pulled out his watch. "I'm afraid I must go. Anything I could say wouldn't express my grief at Lady Winshire's death, or my satisfaction that you are her heiress, and—and——"

She took the hand he held out to her, and her warm soft fingers closed over it, while her dark eyes sought his appealingly.

Few men could have resisted the pressure or the look, but Bernard was thinking of Nance and his train.

"Good-bye!" he said.

Her hand still clung to his, her heart still spoke in her eyes and said plainly, "Stay!" But at that moment the door opened and the footman announced Lord Stoyle.

Bernard started and dropped her hand.

The two men drew themselves up to their full height, and looked at each other as men look when they are mortal foes. Then Bernard turned and left the room.

Felicia Damerel sank into a chair beside the table.

"I am afraid the tea is cold, Lord Stoyle," she said. "Mr. Yorke has had the best of it."

"Mr. Yorke is a very fortunate man," he said, leaning forward and passing one thin hand over the other and looking at her with a significance which she noticed at once.

"What do you mean?" she asked, arresting her hand on its way to the tea urn.

"Nothing, but that he has preceded me," he said, still smiling.

She poured out his tea.

"Mr. Yorke has been away for some time," she said. "He had not heard of Lady Winshire's death, even. I wonder where he has been?"

Lord Stoyle stirred his tea slowly.

"I know," he said, "Shall I tell?"

Something in his manner, in his sardonic tone, struck her.

"By all means," she said. "Not that I am curious. Have you been spying on him?"

His pale face flushed resentfully at her scornful tone.

"I am the last man to play the spy——"

"Really?" she put in mockingly.

"Yes, but by mere chance I have discovered Mr. Yorke's retreat—forgive me, I was going to say little game. If you care to know—well, I can tell you."

"Tell me!" she said below her breath.

And at this moment Bernard was speeding back to Nance, fully persuaded that his secret was unknown, little dreaming that the cloud which would overshadow his life happiness was creeping over the sky!

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD STOYLE fixed his light eyes on Felicia Damerel's face. It was pale with something that was not far removed from apprehension; the dark eyes were downcast, the faultless lips tightly compressed.

In his fashion this man loved her, had always done so; but of a certainty loved her better and was more desirous of making her his wife now that she possessed Lady Winshire's vast wealth. He himself was rich enough; but some men can never have too much money, and the more they have the more they want, and Lord Stoyle was one of these.

Besides, there was a chance of injuring Bernard Yorke—a chance which made his cold heart beat with malignant pleasure.

"I daresay you wonder why I should care to tell you," he said after a pause.

She raised her eyes to his with a glance of scorn.

"No, I do not. I know that you hate him. But why I do not know."

"Yes; you are right," he said coolly, "I hate him. Because I love you."

She did not start, but her eyes dropped again.

"I love you, and I know that this fellow has come between us—has always done so. You can't deny it."

"I neither assent to it nor deny it," she said in measured tones.

"You think that he is everything that is lofty and—and noble," he said with a faint sneer and a touch of color in his face. "I know the kind of idea you have of him; and I know that if it had not been for him, you—I should have stood a better chance of winning you. You can't be surprised at my wanting to show him up."

"Nothing you did in that way would surprise me," she said.

He winced and the flush deepened.

"You are hard on me," he said, "harder than I deserve. Everything's fair in love or war, and I won't deny that I'm glad to be able to undeceive you as to Bernard Yorke's character. How could I go on letting you think him all that's straight when I know that he is a villain?"

Her eyes flashed.

"It is easy to call a man names, especially when he is absent," she said. "But you haven't understood me yet, as you call it; you had better tell me what you are dying to tell me, but please understand that I do not promise to believe you."

"Thank you," he said in a low voice; "I, at any rate, am not a liar."

"While Mr. Yorke is? I see. Go on, please."

She tapped the floor with her foot impatiently.

Lord Stoyle paused, as if he enjoyed her fierce impatience.

"Do you know Long Ditton?" he asked.

"Long Ditton?" She repeated the name sharply. "No—yes; it is somewhere up the river, isn't it?"

"Yes. A pretty, quiet place——"

"What about it?" she broke in.

"I was on the river with my brother, yesterday," he went on slowly, "and we stopped there. He rode back to Hampton—to the barracks—leaving me to come back from Ditton by train. I had the best part of an hour to wait, and I got a cigar and went and sat beside the river. I was nearly asleep when I heard voices, a man's and a woman's. Something in the man's struck me as familiar, and I sat up on my elbow and waited for the boat to pass. The man who was rowing was Bernard Yorke, and a girl was in the stern."

Felicia Damerel stretched out her hand for her cup, and smiled scornfully, but the hand trembled.

"Is that all?" she said contemptuously. "Why should he not take a girl on the river? Have you never done so, Lord Stoyle? Was she pretty?"

"Very," he said slowly, watching her from under his thick lids, "especially so. One of those faces you see in pictures, don't you know. Complexion like cream or ivory, reddish hair—what do you call it, auburn?—with a golden tinge in it, and darkish blue eyes; the sort of face the artist fellows rave about. You see it in the New Gallery and places of that sort."

Felicia's lips quivered.

"All which goes to prove that Mr. Yorke is a man of excellent taste, but nothing more, Lord Stoyle. Ah, I see. You mean me to understand that—that—— What vile, selfish creatures—the best of you—you men are! But is he worse than the rest—worse than you, for instance?"

Her eyes flashed upon him.

He lowered his.

"Men are all very much alike," he said coolly. "But that isn't all. They rowed past, and I got up after a time and went for my train. I lost my way, and found myself near the village again. Bernard Yorke and the young lady passed me and went into a cottage on the heath. I had lost another train, and having nothing better to do, I strolled into the inn and got some tea, and——"

"And made some inquiries," she said scornfully. "I should think it comes natural to you to play the spy, Lord Stoyle."

He shot a glance at her which was more like that of hate than love.

"I don't know what you mean by playing the spy," he said. "I felt a little curious to know who the girl was, because—well I thought you would like to know."

That shaft went home, and she cast down her eyes.

"Well? You discovered, what?"

"That they had been living in the cottage for the last month," he said.

She half rose, then sank back in the chair, her lips tightly compressed, her face very pale. A fierce jealousy was gnawing at his heart. "He is as bad as the rest," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

"Yes," he drawled, "though, in a way, not so bad as you think. He looked very happy, never saw him brighter; but a newly-married man ought to look jolly, oughtn't he?"

She sprang to her feet, overturning the costly tea equipage, and confronted him with a face deathly white, from which the dark eyes flashed like hot coals.

"Married!" she breathed.

"Why—yes," he drawled. 'Shall I ring for the servant to pick these things up?"

She stayed him with an imperious gesture.

"Married! It—it is a lie!' she panted.

"So I thought," he said, in the same slow tone. "So anyone would have thought if they hadn't seen the young lady."

"What—what do you mean——" she breathed.

"That she wasn't that kind of girl," he said, significantly. "One can tell, don't you know. Oh, yes, she is his wife right enough. Besides, I made further inquiries." He looked at her steadily as a man of his kind does when he is lying. "I found out that they were married five weeks ago; I've seen the register this morning. It's all right. You can ask him if you like. He will own up, I daresay. And she wears a ring. I saw it on her hand. Not the sort of girl to wear a ring unless—unless she had a right to it. You'd say so if you saw her."

She still stood, drawn to her full height, as if powerless to move, as if turned to stone. A wild despair raged in her heart, the room span round before her eyes. Married! Lost to her for ever, for ever! She had loved him. He had nearly asked her to be his wife, and then—then he had left her, deceived her, and married another woman!

The wild words she had spoken to Lady Winshire flashed across her mind. She had said that if Bernard Yorke left her for another woman, she would kill her or herself.

"I—I don't believe it," she said at last, in a thick voice. "It is a lie!"

"I thought you'd say so," he said quietly, "but it's the truth. I knew you wouldn't thank me for telling you; not at first. But I think you might be a little more civil. You couldn't expect me to let you go on believing in him. Why didn't he tell you the truth this afternoon, instead of clinging on to your hand as I found him when I came in?"

She sank into a chair, then rose again.

Lord Stoyle thought of the tiger in the den at the Zoo as he watched her.

"Where are they? What is the name of the place?" she asked at last.

"Long Ditton," he said. "They are living under the name of Bernard. Wants to keep it quiet from his father, I daresay. The girl looks a lady, but—well, I should say that she was a nobody, that he'd married beneath him. Myrtle Cottage, Long Ditton. But," he added quickly, "you're not thinking of going there and making a scene? What would be the good? Besides, think of the scandal. You don't want your name in the Society papers; you don't want——"

"Myrtle Cottage," she murmured, as if she had not heard him.

Then she stopped opposite him, and, looking over his head, said—

"Good day, Lord Stoyle."

He rose and turned his hat round, keeping his eyes fixed on her.

He had done for Bernard Yorke, but what about himself?

"You haven't forgotten what I told you just now?" he said. "It was for your sake that I hunted out the truth. I wanted to show you what a poor kind of fellow this Yorke was. I'd do anything for you, to win a smile from you, Felicia."

She looked at him fixedly, yet absently.

"You would do anything?" she echoed.

"Anything" he repeated, with a vehemence that sounded strangely in him.

She stood before him silent for a moment, then she said in a low voice and slowly, as if she were weighing every word—

"You are right. He is vile—vile—vile and treacherous! Only—only a month ago he spoke. Yes, I have been deceived cruelly! You know it, and I do not care to deny it. Oh, if I could only make him suffer! If I could only get my revenge!"

Her breath came painfully, her lips were parted, showing the white regular teeth. She stretched out her hand.

"Help me to—to punish him; help me to make him feel something of what I feel now!"

He took her hot hands in his cold ones and pressed them.

"I'll do anything you like," he said. "He ought to be punished. I will help you. And——"

She let her hands remain in his, still looking over his head and beyond him.

"Yes," she said with a harsh laugh, "you shall do what you like with me then. Even marry me!"

He raised her hands to his lips, but she tore them from his grasp.

"Go! Go now!" she panted, turning away with set teeth. "Go, or—or I shall hate you!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE live in sadly degenerate and unsatisfactory times. In the good old days Felicia Damerel could have avenged herself so easily. She could have employed the hired assassin, who was always ready to hand, and a bowl of poison or a nine-inch dagger would have "removed" either Bernard or Nance—or both of them—and Felicia's jealousy and wounded love would have been appeased.

But, alas! the paid assassin is out of date, he has gone, perhaps for ever; and Felicia, as she lay across her bed, her burning cheeks clasped in her burning hands, felt powerless, notwithstanding the promise of Lord Stoyle's assistance.

Bernard Yorke married! And she had hoped that, now Lady Winshire's wealth had come to her, she would be his wife. Married! It was worse than if he had died. At that moment she wished him dead with all her heart, for passion has an odd knack of swinging round from love to hate.

Presently she began to ask herself whom he had married. It was not one in their own set, or there would have been no reason for concealment. It must be some girl of the lower class, someone of whom he was ashamed. She clenched her hands at the thought, and her white, even teeth, bit at the satin coverlid.

The blind, miserable fool, to turn from her to some vulgar girl with a pretty face! Lord Stoyle had said that the girl was beautiful. He had spoken of auburn hair, violet eyes. Was she, then, this common girl, more beautiful than she, Felicia?

She got up and went to the glass, and shuddered as she looked at the white face and red eyes that looked out at her from the daintily-draped mirror.

How she must love him—this man who had left her, passed her by—that his desertion could so transform her!

She felt that life was over for her; that all joy, and hope of joy, were dead. There was only one thing to live for, and that was—revenge!

But how to obtain it? How?

As she crouched in a chair, her hands writhing together in her lap, the hateful desire to see this girl, who had snatched his love from her, took possession of her. She wanted to see what she was like—to see with her own eyes what it was that had stolen Bernard's heart from her.

She had said that she would not go to Long Ditton and make a scene, and she would not; but she resolved that she would go, quietly, secretly, and see Bernard's wife. She would wait a day or two—wait until she could proceed coolly and cautiously. There must be some way of punishing him, of injuring them both, and she would devote every faculty, all her energy, to the task.

She lay awake all that night, tossing to and fro feverishly, and was so pale and haggard in the morning that Bowden, who still remained with her, was quite concerned when she came in with the morning's letters.

"It is nothing. I am quite well. It is the heat," said Felicia impatiently and wearily.

"I think you ought to rest, miss," said Bowden, and she held back the letters in her hand. But Felicia took them from her, glanced at them, and threw them aside.

"They are mostly bills," she said. "Pay them."

"Yes, miss," said Bowden. "There are one or two old ones as well. There's that one of Miss Grey's for the lace. Shall I pay that?"

Felicia assented with a gesture.

"And perhaps I'd better get her to make some black lace for that new evening dress," said Bowden, thinking that perhaps a little "millinery" talk might rouse her mistress from her lethargy. "She's quite as good as Madame Cerise, and cheaper; not that that matters now, miss."

Felicia sighed. No, it did not matter now. She was rich enough to be able to disregard economy. Rich, yes; but how wretched!

"I think I'd better send for her. I've got her address."

Felicia looked up languidly.

"Is it far?" she said. "I think I will go and see her."

It would take her out of the house, would be something to do, something to think about.

Bowden went up and found the bill, and Felicia put it in her pocket. She forgot it, however, until she drew it out with her handkerchief later in the morning; then, listlessly, she ordered the brougham and had herself driven to Eden row. On the way she began to regret the whim that had prompted her to come, and was on the point of telling the coachman to return home, but changed her mind again, even as she leant forward to pull the check string, and sat back with a weary sigh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POLITENESS.—It has been truly said that 'politeness is the oil which allows the wheels of society to turn easily,' and it is an aphorism worth bearing in mind. It may safely be said that the habit of politeness is a very subtle and fine thing; and for it to last and wear well, and be as productive of happiness as it is capable of being, it must never be laid aside, even in the most intimate relations of life: nay, it is then it that is most valuable. Children who in their nursery have been taught politeness—which is the outward sign of consideration for the feelings of others—have through life an advantage over their less fortunate contemporaries. They are liked by their elders—perhaps without much reasoning why—at the age when the good feeling of elders is most precious; and if they rise in the world, they bear about them that stamp of 'good breeding' which fits them for an exalted station. Brothers do not always respect their sisters in the same sort of way as the true gentleman respects all womanhood; and girls may be rude too, though this is generally from the want of a better example. Manners are very contagious, and possibly the feminine nature is a trifle more imitative than that of man. A flat contradiction, in which unmannerly people are rather apt to indulge often provokes some equally harsh retort, while a real difference of opinion may be expressed in courteous language and gentle tones.

Perhaps, however, it is in the closest relation of social life that the habit of politeness is most essential. The more truly womanly a woman is, the more quick she is to detect the careless negligence which sometimes replaces the assiduity of other days, or the rough instead of the tender manner of fault-correcting. We should all beware of letting our politeness be only a varnish of manner easily rubbed off, instead of something ingrained by early training and habitual practice. The want of habitual courtesy in domestic life has too often occasioned that 'rift in the lute' which prevents complete harmony.

IN France the act of opening letters addressed to another person is a penal offense only when perpetrated by an official connected with the postal service. This restriction has led to so much abuse that the Government has recently submitted to the Chambers a bill providing severe punishment for every one, whether postal or not, who is guilty of tampering with correspondence addressed to others.

EVERMORE.

BY W. W. LONG.

The nightingales sang in the woods,
The lilies dreamed beside the stream;
A stillness fell upon the sleeping land,
Kissed by the full moon's silver gleam.

The stars from out the ether blue,
Like fireflies twinkled down the night,
Where late the sun in crimson robes,
Behind the mountain went from sight.

The river sang a tender water song,
And tossed its wavelets to the shore,
As we went o'er the meadow-land,
With love between us evermore.

"For the Child's Sake."

BY D. P. C.

"WELL, nurse, how is Master Jack this evening?"

"He seems not quite so well, my lady. He gets very excited at times, then it's all I can do to keep him in bed. He keeps on saying that some cruel 'captain man' is going to steal his mamma, and he must go and save her, in fact, he gets quite delirious at times."

The tall golden-haired woman in evening dress, to whom this remark was addressed, flushed ever so slightly, but laughing lightly she said:

"What nonsense the child talks. Of course he gets excited. You should not let him read so much. It all comes of his reading those impossible tales of adventure; they excite his brain, and give him all kinds of queer fancies."

"He always was an excitable child, poor lamb; but he suffers so patiently. You will go and kiss him good night before you go, my lady? He begged me to tell you that he wanted to see his lovely mamma before she went out."

"Oh yes, of course I will. Sir Hubert is not going with me to-night, so he will be able to relieve you presently; but I told him I did not see any necessity for my staying at home as well because Jack is poorly. I should not be of any use, and it is not as if it were anything serious. Sir Hubert does not make such a ridiculous fuss about that child."

Lovely Lady Arnold swept into the dimly-lighted inner room, in which her little son lay suffering, glancing at her own reflection in the glass as she passed. A young woman, married to a man a good deal older than herself, she had never really cared for her husband, but had married him for a title and a comfortable home, and for this had thrown over a man who really loved her, and whom she loved as much as it was possible for a nature like hers to love anybody besides herself.

This man, Harry Lander, was a poor man, of course, a subaltern in the army. They had known each other since the time they were boy and girl together, and as time went on had drifted into an engagement that was eventually to end in marriage when better days turned up, those better days being when he, the penniless subaltern, should succeed to the family title and estates, the then present baronet being a very old man and his father's half-brother. His father being dead and his uncle being childless, he, Harry Lander, was the next heir.

In the meantime, however, Sir Hubert Arnold appeared on the scenes, fell in love with the beautiful Rose Lancaster, and offered himself and his wealth, not knowing she was engaged to this other man. She accepted him, and never let him know that she was so pledged. Married him; and then wrote out to Aden to inform Harry Lander that he must forget her, giving as the excuse for her conduct the indefiniteness of their engagement, and pointing out that "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush;" at least that was what her argument literally came to. Harry Lander never answered that letter, but he did not forget the woman who had so wronged him, nor yet did he cease to love her.

Rose was not happy in her marriage. She had never cared for her husband, and when her child was born she was jealous of the love her husband gave to him, and came almost to dislike the boy as he grew older.

When, however, it was discovered, that his spine was injured, evidently from some fall when an infant, and would in all probability be a cripple for the rest of his life, Lady Arnold positively disliked the child, who could never be anything but a burden and a reproach to her. As time went on little Jack grew worse instead of better, in spite of the unremitting care and attention which his doting father lavished on him, and now, on this particular day, he was really very ill, although his mother would not acknowledge the fact, as it would interfere with her plans, for on this night Harry Lander was to meet her at a big ball.

He had returned from Aden about two years before, and their intercourse had been incessant ever since. He was now a captain, having recently got his company, and, moreover, had come into his kingdom; and she liked having this man to dance attendance on her, to the evident annoyance of her husband, who, although he did not know about the relations which formerly existed between them, yet suspected something of the sort.

At the same time he never for one moment doubted but that his honor would be perfectly safe in his wife's keeping, and was blind to many things that otherwise might have enlightened him—however—

Having reached little Jack's bedside, Lady Arnold bent over and gave her son a cold kiss on his forehead, and, without a word, was turning to go, when the little fellow put out his arms and drew her golden head down towards him.

"Tiss, mamma; let Jackie tiss oo proply," he said, and suiting the action to the word, he gave her a vehement hug and showered kisses on her face. "Now I'm like other little childrens who tiss their mammas, and no one can say I'm not, can they? May I always tiss oo like that? You such a soft pretty face," proceeding to stroke her face with his hot little hand.

"Take care, Jackie, you're crumpling all my flowerers, and your fingers are so sticky. Let mother go, there's a good boy, and turn round and go to sleep."

A flush of disappointment spread over the child's face and the corners of his mouth dropped ominously, and turning on his pillow he gave a little gulp, which he tried hard to suppress, and the tears trickled slowly between his fingers. But Lady Arnold neither heard nor saw; she had gone over to the glass, and was rearranging the flowers on her dress, and giving a touch here and there to the feathery golden hair.

Just at that moment Sir Hubert came into the room.

"What, you here, Rose? I thought you had gone half-an hour ago."

"No; I just came up to say good night to the child. Nurse asked me just to look in at him before I went, so I came."

Sir Hubert came up to her with outstretched hands, his whole face radiant. It was a small thing she had done, and what any other mother would have done as a matter of course; but this was the first time his wife had ever done such a thing, and to his mind it seemed a beginning of better things for them all.

"Rose! don't go to night; don't you see how feverish and ill the child is? Be a real mother to him for once. Can you resist his appeal? See, he is holding out his little arms to you."

For one moment she wavered, her heart was touched by the mute appeal; the next she laughed, and turning on heel, swept out of the room, trailing her rich white draperies after her.

Sir Hubert knew his wife did not care for their child, but he had hoped that one day she would learn to love the little fellow, who, in spite of her neglect, looked upon her as an angel. "His winning ways must win her in time," he thought, and this evening, seeing his wife bending over the cot, he thought that time had come, and it was a bitter blow to him to find he was mistaken.

"Jackie so tired, daddy. Mamma loves Jackie, I know she does; she let me hug her so tight. Jackie so sorry he crushed the flowers; will mamma forgive me if I say I'm so sorry?—I so sorry and so tired. Shall I say my prayers to you, daddy, and go to sleep? And closing his eyes and folding his little hands together he began a hymn. "I too tired to say the rest. Will God be angry with me? You tell Him I so very tired, then He'll know it's not 'coz I'se naughty."

"Very well, Jackie, dear; but God will know all about it. He knows you feel tired, and He loves you, so He will not be angry with you."

"God loves me, daddy loves me, and I know mamma loves me too. I'se so happy. Good night, daddy dear. What oo crying for? Nurse says men never cry, 'coz it's not brave."

"Jackie, your too young to understand. Why, sometimes even strong, brave men cry. Daddy's rather unhappy, but you must kiss those tears away. Kiss the tears away, then it will be all right, my dear little son," and Sir Hubert bent down over the cot and kissed the child passionately. He sat there for a long time until the more regular breathing told that the little sufferer was asleep. . . . Meanwhile Lady Arnold had gone off to the ball, where her beauty, vivacity and grace as usual shone pre-eminent.

"So sorry your husband could not come to-night, Lady Arnold," said her hostess with the old familiar society smile and fib. As a matter of fact, of course she did not care in the least, so Lady Arnold need not have attempted to explain his absence, which she did by saying:

"Yes, it is really very foolish of him, but he fancied that the child was ill. He always imagines Jack is going to die on the least provocation—so very absurd of him. I told my husband it was probably only the result of over-eating himself that made Jackie feverish—children are so greedy."

"Oh, indeed," was the laconic rejoiner. "Unnatural creature," she said to herself, for she had children of her own, and could not understand the utter lack of maternal love or anxiety betrayed by the beautiful Lady Arnold.

However, of course it was nothing to do with her, otherwise she would have liked to give, Lady Arnold a piece of her mind.

On entering the ball-room, Rose was soon surrounded by a circle of men, eagerly asking for a dance. She absently granted their several requests, but her eyes were roving restlessly round the crowded room till at last they found what they sought for in the person of a tall, dark, military-looking man.

Their eyes met, and a look of recognition passed between them, but that was all; he made no movement towards her whatever, while she, apparently quite satisfied, was led off in triumph by another man.

How exquisitely she danced, her perfect form moving in perfect time to the strains of the band, and her exquisite little feet encased in tiny white shoes with large diamond buckles, glinting in and out from the hem of her white dress in a maddeningly bewitching way.

So, at any rate, thought Captain Sir Harry Lander, for of course the tall man was none other, as he watched her from the dark recesses of his corner. Presently the latter came close to him, but they apparently had not noticed his presence. He stepped forward, however, and whispered: "In the conservatory, first supper extra."

Lady Arnold startled slightly, then with an easy laugh said:

"Oh, it is you, Captain Lander. You really should not hide away in dark corners, and then spring a surprise on one in that way, should he, Mr. Burton?" turning to her partner.

"A thousand pardons. Am I too late to ask for a dance?"

"Very late; but why did you not ask me before? However, let me see," studying her programme with apparent interest. "Yes, you may have the first supper extra, and that is all I have left."

"I suppose I must be content with such small crumbs; let me write my name down," whereupon he wrote his name, and then calmly crossing out the names of the three following and substituting his own, he handed her programme back to her with a significant look. The meaning was apparently not lost upon her, for she made no remark on his decidedly summary disposal of her programme.

"How lovely Lady Arnold looks to-night," they said, and some one added:

"Yes, Sir Hubert is not here to-night," and laughed. "By the way, they say he is getting a bit annoyed at the way that fellow Lander follows her about. Old flame of hers, you know, before she married Arnold, who holds the old-fashioned notion that a wife should never look at any man but her own lawful spouse."

"Poor old chap, he made a mistake, then, when he married 'my lady;' she must soon have exploited those ideas, I should think." Whereupon they laughed, and proceeded with equal facility to discuss with vague innuendoes the rest of the company.

"Our dance, I think, Lady Arnold. Will you dance, or would you rather sit it out? The conservatory looks cool and comfortable, shall we go there?"

"Oh yes, by all means." Then, sotto voce, "This is what I came for, Harry. I thought this supper extra would never come."

They had reached the conservatory, and Lady Arnold had ensconced herself in a chair of most alluring depths. Captain Lander bent forward and touched her forehead with his lips; she shrank back involuntarily.

"Don't Harry, don't," she gasped out.

"But, Rose, I don't understand; I thought you had made up your mind, by your coming here to-night. Don't for heaven's sake, deceive me again, or by heaven I should kill you, I think." And in his eyes there appeared a decidedly dangerous glitter.

He was holding her by the wrist, and his fingers clenched themselves so violently that he forced her to cry out for the pain.

"Don't frighten me so, Harry; I am frightened enough as it is. The fact is I dare not do this. I know I should repent the moment after, and then it would be too late. No, you must let me go."

"I can't, I won't let you go Rose. Don't you see what you have become to me? I cannot do without you. But why have you suddenly turned coward in this way? Don't try and persuade me that you have anything like religious or moral scruples, for I should not believe you."

She shrank back and covered her face with her hands. Had she sunk so low as to be even despised by this man himself? Oh, the shame and the horror of it. If he expressed his contempt now before he had secured her, what would he be like when she was completely in his power? Then, suddenly, the memory of her child at home and the burning kisses he had showered upon her, and his little loving arms wound round her neck, came upon her, and the possibility of love, real pure true love, opened itself before her and she felt, come what might, she would for the future try and become worthy of her little son's love. Then, with this new-born resolution, she turned to her companion and said:

"You are very cruel, but I cannot blame you. I deserve your scorn. I have done you a great injury. I dare not ask your forgiveness. Believe me, you cannot despise me more than I despise myself, but you must let me go, and forget me. I cannot do this thing, for my child's sake——"

"Come, this is really amusing. You wish to pose as a devoted mother, but that is all humbug. You know you never cared for the child, so why try and make me believe you do——"

"You will not believe me, I know, but, strange as it may seem to you, I love my child, and for his sake you must forget me," and, rising from her chair, she made as if to go, but he caught her by the arm and said:

"Very well, go, but remember you have made me what I am by your baseness and trickery. I was a good man once, but when you threw me over to suit your own ends, I think I became a devil, and now, thanks to you, I am what I am. Are you satisfied with your work? You may well shudder, a desperate man is not to be trifled with—go!" and he almost threw her from him.

She staggered forward, her face deathly white and quivering with fear, but she turned towards him once more, her hand on the portiere, and a look of such wistful agony on her face that ought to have touched him.

"Harry, forgive me. Some day I hope you will forgive me for the wrong I did you. I never can forgive myself," and here her voice broke in a dry sob; "and God bless you," and drawing aside the portiere she passed out.

In the hall a servant met her with a note. "Beg pardon my lady, but I was told to give this note to you at once. It came ten minutes ago, but I could not find you."

Lady Arnold mechanically opened the note and read, "Come at once; Jackie is dying.—HUBERT."

The little scrap of paper slipped from her fingers and fluttered on to the ground. Lady Arnold stood there as if carved in stone, with a look of such intense horror on her face that the servant forgetting their relative positions, caught her hand and implored her to speak.

"What is it? Can I help you? Tell me."

Slowly she looked round as if she were trying to escape from some one or something, then, in quick, low, terrified accents, she muttered:

"They tell me Jackie is dying. Do you understand me? My boy, my little son, is dying. I must go to him at once—help me—get me a cab, woman—for God's sake be quick!" Then, covering her face with her hands, her whole frame was convulsed by dry, choking sobs.

"It is my punishment. I deserve it, but I cannot bear it. God is just, but, oh my God, be merciful, be merciful!" she wailed.

* * * * * *

"Thank God, Rose, you've come at last. Jackie is sinking fast, and keeps on calling for you. You will go to him?"

"Oh, my husband, I am not worthy.

Forgive me. Take me to him." And, taking his wife's hand, they went together to the bedside of their dying child. The poor little flushed face lighted up on seeing them, and eagerly stretching out his little hands he said:

"Tiss mummy. Mummy does love Jackie. Pretty mummy. I sorry I crumpled the flowers, but I won't do it again, mummy dear. Jackie so tired, but I would not go to sleep without saying good night to my angel mummy, pretty mummy. Jack love 'oo so much, and Jackie so happy now God loves Jackie, and daddy loves Jackie, and mummy loves Jackie. Tiss me good night, mummy, and daddy tiss me too."

The anguished parents were kneeling by his bedside; Rose had buried her head beside the child's, and her tears were falling thick and fast. His little arms were round his mother's neck, and he had laid his cheek against hers.

The stillness was intense. Presently the little hands relaxed their hold, the little lips uttered a scarcely perceptible quivering sigh, and the little white soul had fled to God who gave it.

* * * * * *

"Poor Rose, she has been heavily punished, indeed," said Harry Lander to himself, as he read the brief announcement of Jackie's death in the Times a few days later; "the vengeance has been taken out of my hands. I forgive her, and may God forgive me."

Other people on reading the notice remarked that it was a mercy he died, as he could never have been anything but a helpless cripple had he lived.

There were only two who knew the full bitterness of his death—his mother, who had learnt to love him, but too late, and his father who idolized him. From this sorrow that each shared with the other, a new and true love sprang up between them, which had its foundation in Jackie's grave, and now there is a no more devoted couple in all London than Sir Hubert and his lovely, but sad faced wife, for the link that binds them together is a little white soul in Heaven.

A CHINESE MENU.

JOHN CHINAMAN in everything appertaining to eating and drinking is a person of peculiar tastes and a born epicure. The delicacy of his palate and his love for the good things of this world must be judged by the mechanical rice-swallowing of a poor coolie, any more than the culinary capabilities of a good English cook can be gauged by the contents of a fried fish shop.

Even the coolies shovelling down their throats bowl after bowl of boiled rice show the rudiments at least of a palate as they take a dip, after every twenty mouthfuls into the little bowl of curry and chillies which stands as the common property of the company.

If, too, you stand near and listen to their conversation—provided, of course, you understand it—you will find it chiefly consists of a heated discussion regarding the quality of the rice on the different estates and the flavor peculiar to each crop. And who shall say that a man who can detect a variety of flavors in boiled rice is not gifted with a delicate taste?

Except on the occasion of the marriage of one of his children, or a birthday, it is unusual for a Chinese gentleman to give a dinner party at his own house. It is done by the middle classes; but in "Society" the usual method is to give it at an hotel or on one of the "flower-boats."

Unlike their neighbors the Japanese, they do not squat on the floor during meals, but understand the use and comfort of chairs.

Most of the dishes of which the dinner consists are placed beforehand on the table, which is therefore necessarily a large one, and is not graced with a cloth. The meal generally commences with a drink all round, followed by a sort of hors-d'œuvre, consisting not of dainty appetising morsels, but of fruit and nuts; then comes soup; followed by various stews and messes, as to the constituents of which more anon.

It is particularly noticeable that all the dishes are of a decidedly oily flavor, and indeed this appears indispensable to the Chinese cook, who, by the way, never serves his meat roasted as we know it, but cut up into small pieces, and stewed or broiled.

Between each course, it is a common practice to smoke a few whiffs of tobacco from a pipe, to while away the interval. Like Europeans, the Chinese place especial stress upon the ceremony of taking wine with one another; and it is considered as a particular compliment to your neighbor, should you condescend to take up a morsel with your chop-sticks and place in his mouth.

At the end of the meal, one of the waiters goes round with a forbidding-looking napkin, which he dips into a bowl of water and hands to each person in turn, to wipe his mouth and hands with; and, as may be imagined, the attention is not much relished when it comes to the turn of the last person at the table.

If the Chinese are peculiar in the way they eat their dinner, they are even more so in their choice of the dishes composing it. Though some of them are pleasant to the European taste, and in a few cases even delicious, the majority of the dishes are more or less repugnant to any one who is not used to Chinese fare, and often so nasty, that consideration for the feelings of the host is of no avail when one is called upon to eat them.

A taste for the flesh of domestic animals is particularly prevalent amongst the Chinese of all classes. In nearly every city in China are to be found restaurants where dog's and cat's flesh is made a special feature in the bill of fare.

The meat is cut into small pieces, after being cooked over a slow fire. It is then fried with water-chestnuts, garlic, and oil; and those who have tasted it say that it makes a very palatable dish. In the windows of the restaurants may be seen carcasses of the animals hung up for show; and placards and bills of fare displaying the appetising announcement that cats and dogs can be served up at a few minutes' notice.

The flesh of black-haired animals is considered the best, not so much for the taste, but because it is supposed to contain more nourishment. The dogs are killed by strangling or stabbing, and their carcasses are then boiled for a time, to remove the hair; they are then cleaned and prepared for show in the windows.

Dog hams are exported from the province of Shan-tung, and, according to Mr. Gray, at the commencement of summer a ceremony called a-chee—consisting of the eating of dog's flesh—is observed throughout the Empire by all classes.

Black cats' eyes are considered an especial delicacy, and at an official dinner which the writer once attended abo hundred of them were used to make dish. Their appearance in the plate may be imagined, the reverse of appetising.

In several towns in the Yang-tse Valley, the flesh of mules and horses is much eaten; and rats—which, by the way, are very clean feeding animals naturally—are a favorite and common article of food. They are to be found hanging outside shops everywhere in a salted and dried state.

Amongst other curious articles of food are preserved eggs. Boiled eggs as we know them are never eaten, but in their preserved state they are a very favorite article of diet.

The eggs are first washed, and steeped for a few hours in water which has been rendered aromatic. They are then taken out, and the water is used for making a paste of salt and lime. This paste is turned into a tub and the eggs buried in it, after which it is hermetically sealed and kept so for at least a month. Often, however, eggs are kept for years in this state, and when very old are considered a great delicacy.

In fact, a Chinese gentleman lays down his eggs as his English confrere lays down his port. The eggs when very old are quite black, and, to a European palate, almost tasteless, and quite odorless.

REAL PEOPLE IN NOVELS.

IF James McNeill Whistler, says the New York World, thinks he is establishing a precedent by objecting to the caricature of himself in Du Maurier's novel, "Trilby," he is very much mistaken. The whole range of literature is replete with instances of living people figuring prominently in fiction, some of whom, be it said, are even more prominent in the world's regard than Mr. Whistler.

Most people will remember the publication of "Cape Cod Folks," which brought on a lawsuit because of the too accurate drawing of the characteristics of living people. To go further back, Thackeray was noted for the way in which he used his friends and enemies. Some of his lay figures were offended; others the reverse.

He made fun of Bulwer in the "Yellow-Plush Papers," under the name of Bulwig. He drew upon himself the indignation of his Irish friends by calling one of his characters—a murderess—Catherine Hayes. Catherine Hayes was a celebrated songstress, hence the objection. His Foker was drawn from Andrew Archdehne, who never pardoned the impersonation. His Portman was the celebrated Dr. Cornish, and even Edmund Yates figured as young Grubstreet, in the "Virginians." Thackeray himself said that Costigan, in "The Roundabout Papers," was manufactured from several live persons.

The supposition that Charles Dickens' father was the original of Mr. Micawber is well known, as is also the one that Mrs. Nickleby was drawn from the mother of the novelist.

Walter Savage Landor and Dickens had a decided misunderstanding because the former recognized himself as Scythorn, in "Bleak House." Leigh Hunt also resented the fact that Harold Skimpole was drawn from himself. Even Dickens's biographer, Forster, has figured as a lay figure.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had no end of trouble to convince a constantly increasing race of Pyncheons that the Judge of that name in "The House of Seven Gables" was not drawn from a living person. Charlotte Bronte drew living pictures in "Shirley" to such an extent that people recognized and called each other by their new or "novel" names. George Lewis was assumed to be the original of George Eliot's Mr. Casaubon in "Middlemarch."

Dante wrote his enemies in hell and Michael Angelo painted them in. Dryden was noted for his satires on living persons. Pope actually erased the the name of one of his characters and put Colley Cibber's in its place. Byron heavily scored his critics and Bulwer did a like office for Tennyson. Bulwer was rather accomplished in this respect. He satirized the Anther-seam magazine in "Paul Clifford." Even George II. of England was depicted as the keeper of a low den in the same novel.

Tennyson repaid Bulwer his onslaughts both in "A Character" and in "The New Timon and the Poets." Capt. Marryat, who wrote such humorous naval stories, notably "Peter Simple," once sent a challenge to Prof. Maurice because the latter used his name for a character in "Eustace Conway." Browning scored Wordsworth in "The Lost Leader." He also, at various times in his career, caricatured Cardinal Wiseman, Napoleon III. and John Home, the spiritualist. The latter figured as Sludge, the Medium. Even our own Whittier made Daniel Webster figure in one of his compositions.

Mme. de Staël drew Talleyrand's characteristics so pointedly that the portrait was recognized by the French statesman, who resented it in one of his famous mots. When Alfred de Musset and George Sand returned from their escapade into Italy they proceeded to score each other in novels they soon after printed. Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope and Lady Morgan used the personal element repeatedly, while to come upon the real intention of Disraeli's novels requires a key bringing in the names of many prominent people in England.

The authors who can be recognized in their own work are legion. Goldsmith painted himself in "The Good Natured Man." Fielding was the original of Tom Jones, Capt. Farquhar was Sir Harry Wildair, Jean Jacques Rousseau depicted himself in "Heloise," Goethe was Werther, Hawthorne can be seen in Miles Coverdale, while Byron was Childe Harold beyond shadow and doubt.

What was called the "gloomy grand" of literature had great vogue in Byron's time and he had many imitators of his method of depicting himself. Alfred de Musset has done something of the same thing. Mme. de Staël depicted herself in "Corinne" and "Delphine," and a perfectly recognizable portrait of Thackeray is found in "Pendennis." Dr. Holland was imagined to be the original of the villain in his novel "Bitter Sweet," and it was strongly insisted upon for awhile that Amelia Rives Chanler drew herself in the hysterical heroine of "The Quick or the Dead." Charles Reade drew Rolfe from his own character and acknowledged it. Charlotte Bronte was Jane Eyre, and Geo. Eliot was a composite of Romola, Maggie Tulliver and possibly Dorothea.

Of all authors Sir Walter Scott was the most honest. He tells us in his prefaces just where he obtained his characters, even going so far as to mention the names of the originals. The very latest phase of his element in fiction, barring "Trilby," is "Sherlock Holmes." How Conan Doyle founded the famous detective on a Scotch professor has been told again and again, but it adds further evidence to the already submitted, that most great characters of fiction are taken from real, living characters.

Scientific and Useful.

FUEL.—A process for preparing fuel from kitchen and house refuse has been patented in Germany. The refuse is dried on large trays, ground to a powder, mixed with a binding composition in the proportion of nine parts of powder to one of composition, then made into convenient bricks. The heat-generating power is claimed to equal that of coal.

THE EYES.—A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes in such work as sewing, bookkeeping, reading and studying the saving point lies in glancing up from such work at short intervals. Practiced every ten or fifteen minutes it affords a relief to the muscular tension, rests the eyes and makes the blood supply much better.

WINDMILLS.—The City of Mexico has discovered that a most salutary measure in the matter of sanitation would be to secure a more rapid flow of its sewage. Accordingly, some twenty-five windmills are to be built in different parts of the city, at a cost of $25,000, which will rotate paddle wheels in the sewers, and thus accomplish the desired object.

FIRE ALARM.—The novel fire alarm of a French inventor consists of a hollow sphere of aluminium, supported at one end of an arm with a counterpoise at the other end, the two being arranged to balance at the ordinary temperatures and pressure of the air. In case of any considerable disturbance of the air's specific gravity, as by a fire, or even a large accumulation of coal-gas, the ball drops and rings an electric alarm in falling.

OUR CLOTHES.—Dr. von Bebber, a German meteorologist, has determined how hot are the clothes we wear. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit the temperature of the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 73.0 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees, and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.0

Farm and Garden.

FLIES.—Keep the flies out of the stable. Close up the cracks and tack mosquito bar over the windows. This may cost you a little money and trouble but it will save you many dollars' worth of horse flesh. The horse will pay for it by doing lots more hard work without fatigue.

GRAIN AND LOSS.—There is no point in the life of an animal when it is not making grain or losing, and every pound lost is two pounds to gain. All classes of stock should be kept growing. If the animals lose weight under favorable conditions it is an indication that better stock should be used.

CATTLE.—The use of pure bred cattle has greatly increased the interest in farming. Farmers who care but little for their cattle find more pleasure in raising pure breeds. With the advent of good stock on a farm comes greater interest in farming, a greater diversity of crops, and better cultivation of the soil.

BEEF.—It is a fact that in many of the towns where farmers have a market for cattle the butchers buy their beef or beef cattle from the large cities, many of their customers being farmers. It should be easier to raise the beef nearer home than to send a distance for cattle, and pay freight charges. It is not creditable that farmers do not supply their home markets, and it seems strange that butchers must buy cattle in the cities to supply country trade.

FRUIT.—If your fruit trees suffer in summer for the want of moisture and you are so situated that the land cannot be irrigated, try mulching with coarse hay, straw or any similar material. Apply the mulch early in the season, and spread it on to a depth of three or four inches, and when beaten down by the rain it will prevent the rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil underneath and also keep down the weeds and save the expense of cultivating your orchard. This is nature's method of keeping the soil moist about the roots of trees in the forests, and there are many cultivators of fruits who are practicing it.

THE CHILD'S STRENGTHENER is Dr. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which corrects all acidity of the stomach, restore digestion and imparts strength and vigor to adults and children alike. All are benefited by its use; and, if worms be present, it is the mildest and safest of remedies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 22, 1895.

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Books and Book Love.

What should we do without books? Can any one conceive the blank despair, the dense ignorance, that would be inevitable without letters? Why does not some one build a statue to Cadmus, who is said to have invented them? The phonetic alphabet of the Phœnicians, still, with small variation, the alphabet of the leading nations, is the prop of learning, wealth, health and intelligence; equally the friend of the farmer, shopman, shipman, statesman, scholar, student, chemist, workman and parson.

These phonetic letters, how different from hieroglyphics! They help us all. If we are sick we fly to them; if we are in health we enjoy them; in prosperity they divert us, in poverty they console us. When we are fresh to the world they amuse, teach, instruct and delight us; when we are leaving it they instil a consolation in a sweeter faith; and there is one book, which, with a magic key, opens unto us the very gates of Heaven. A blessing upon all books! Tyrants and conquerors do not like them. Pestilent enemies to them are books. Cæsar, or his heavy soldiers, burnt the library at Alexandria. War hates and abjures books; Peace loves them. Let us hug ourselves that we have still peace in the world, and talk for a while about books.

That was not a bad thought of Cicero's, when he called a library the soul of a house. It is so. The fine parlors are the body, clothed fairly; the kitchen is at once its palate and its stomach; but the library is its soul, or its soul's pleasure house. "Books," says Rogers, "breathe a soul into the silent walls."

Seneca, a clever, cool old heathen, whose books were better than his life, said that "books were his dear friends;" and he carries on the simile by telling us to be careful in our choice of them, just as we should be of our friends. And the simile may be carried further still. A man with one book—that is, one book which he studies above others—is a wise, stanch man, hardly to be deceived, his wisdom cropping up in magic sentences.

A man of many books and a man of many friends is a diverse man, a many-sided one, amiable, good-tempered, beloved and easily accessible, as well as generally sought; but he is not perhaps a deep man. Then, again, a man may read many books, but he loves only two or three. He cannot love all, although, as Charles Lamb said, he may be a very glutton of books.

When a man loves books he has in him that which will console him under many sorrows, and strengthen him in various trials. It will keep him at home, and make his time pass pleasantly. Even when visited by bodily or mental affliction, he can resort to this book-lore and be cured.

When Cowper's mind was unhinged, his friends put him to literary employment to divert him, and it had the desired effect. Books were the solace of that good man, who has repaid humanity by leaving us a legacy of an imperishable book himself. "I am," he said to Lady Keaketh, "the busiest man alive, or that ever lived sequestered as I do, and am never idle. My days accordingly roll away with most tremendous rapidity."

So will the days and hours of all students and book-lovers. And when a man is at home and happy with a book, sitting by his fireside, he must be a churl if he does not communicate that happiness. Let him read now and then to his wife and children. Let him debate a proposition, or communicate a choice thought. Those thoughts will grow and take root in the hearts of the listeners.

Good scattered about is indeed the seed of the sower. A man who feels sympathy with what is good and noble, is at the time he feels that sympathy, good and noble himself. To a poor man, book-love is not only a consoling preservative, but often a source of happiness, power and wealth. It lifts him from the mechanical drudgery of the day. It takes him away from bad companions, and it gives him the close companionship of a good and fine-thinking man; for while he is reading Bacon or Bacon or Shakspere, he is talking with Bacon or Shakspere. While his body is resting, his mind is working and growing. He may not be a well-educated man, and may not know Latin or Greek, but a very little reflection will enable him to understand great thoughts; for, let us add, the greatest authors are always the clearest.

When an author becomes obscure and dreamy, many people think him grand and deep, just as Swift said there were persons who believed that a pond was deep because it was black and muddy, and a well shallow because they saw the bottom of it. Let us take up as a rule not to be disputed, that when an author's style is obscure he does not know his own meaning; and when a poet "soars" into the region of the incomprehensible, he is very far away from the true region of the sublime.

All great writers and great books, from the Bible to Shakspere, are clear as daylight, in their best parts as lucid as spring water. Symbolism and inanity, a constant twisting and twirling of sentences, the pursuit of an allegory until it puzzles both reader and author, and the latter is obliged to attempt to explain, and then "explain the explanation," all this is indicative only of a weak mind and a confused intellect.

But beyond improving nations, books have improved the human race. "It is a blessed thing," says an author, "to write books which shall abate prejudices and unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow." Blessed, indeed! and such writers are more than kings and priests, for they rule over loving and willing subjects, and they minister within the sacred precincts of the heart itself.

"Of all priesthoods, aristocracies and governing classes at present extant in the world," wrote Carlyle, "there is no class comparable, for its importance, to the priesthood of the writers of books." It is true that this priesthood is of no Church, and is not in orders; but it is not the less important on that account. What a power does a writer hold who addresses every week, or every day or month, a larger congregation than a hundred churches could hold! There are writers of the present day who address as many, nay, more than the number indicated, if we put it at its largest.

This importance of the priesthood of letters is carried yet farther, if we remember that the words of a preacher fall on our ears and are often forgotten, while those of the writer remain. Ink stains are difficult to get out; there is nothing so imperishable as a book. "They shall outlive the brazen monuments of kings," said the young Shakspere of his own verses. "I have built a monument," said Horace, "which is more lasting than brass," or bronze, or iron.

And it was on account of their transmissive qualities that Lord Bacon likened books to ships. "If," said that wise man, "ships are to be commended, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of Time, and make ages so distant participate in the wisdom, illuminations and inventions one of the other!"

Dear, precious indeed are books; great are the good writers thereof; but at the same time they are to be held accountable as stewards for the right use of their rich talents.

A PRUDENT man will repair his house while the weather is fair, and not put it off till winter, a careful pilot will take advantage of wind and tide, and so put out to sea, not stay till a storm arise; the traveler will take his time in his journey, and mend his pace when the night comes on, lest darkness overtake him. The smith strikes the iron when hot, lest it grow cool, and so he lose his labor. So we sought to take heed to our day of grace, to make use of the present time, that when we come to die, we may have nothing to do but to die, for there will be a time when there will be no place for repentance, when time will be no more, when the door will be shut, when there will be no entrance at all.

Is it too much to ask of mothers, sisters, aunts, nurses and governesses—all who may be occupied in the care of children, especially of girls—that they should study thrift of human health and human life, by studying somewhat the laws of life and health? There are books—I may say a whole literature of books—written by scientific doctors on these matters which are, to my mind, far more important to the schoolroom than half the trashy accomplishments, called, which are expected to be known by governesses.

WERE men so enlightened and studious of their own good as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words of truth, law, reason, equity and religion would be synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.

HE that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look at that. And in the next place look to your health, and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—therefore value it, and be thankful for it.

IT often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, bad luck, or destiny, whilst their success or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It seems to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, concentrating from, and being part of the same nature.

WITH many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing those vices; and the last age concludes in gathering in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.

MANY a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine.

FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JANE.—In our opinion the "bad luck" of breaking a looking glass merely consists in the inconvenience it causes. It is only the ignorant and superstitious who believe in "luck;" there is no such thing.

RING.—Emeralds have for many years been eschewed by fashionable jewellers, and ladies who only wear what is for the moment perfectly correct. Lately, however, there has been a growing demand for these gems.

DAVINA.—Myrrh is a resinous gum found in Arabia and all round the coast of the Red Sea. Whether the compound called by chemists "tincture of myrrh" is really made from it, we are not prepared to say; you must ask some one in the trade.

WEST P.—The great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 stars, and every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy giving light and heat to its planets. This telescope reveals stars so small that it would require 30,000 of them to be visible to the naked eye.

EYES.—Blue eyes denote quickness of thought, and generally fine physical development when they are large and bright. About nine-tenths of our engineers, lighthouse-keepers, policemen, and army and navy officers, and many others selected for physical perfection, have blue eyes.

WORRIED.—You are acting very wrongly in keeping it a secret from your parents. If the young man were a desirable acquaintance he would not object to your people knowing of the intimacy; we should say he is by no means a suitable or proper companion, and you had better break off all connection with him, or explain the matter to your parents.

YOUTH.—Single young men may make presents to a bride if they are invited to the wedding and accept the invitation; whatever they present, however, should be something that would be appropriate for both the bride and bridegroom, such as a bronze statue of some sort, or any pretty little fixture for fitting up a room.

HOPEFUL.—The only thing to do is to go straight to the manager of any theatre, and state what you want; but we do not for a moment imagine you will get it, unless you are content to begin in a very humble way—say as a super. We think you would do well to give up all idea of the stage as a profession; it is already much overstocked, and to succeed you must have either great talent or great influence. Education is, of course, essential.

HORA.—It is a well known fact among horologists that no watch will keep the same time with two people. The cause has not yet been definitely ascertained, but it could seem that in some mysterious way it is affected by the temperament of the wearer. The mere physical difference in gait and movement between different people is not sufficient to account for all the variations that have been observed.

MASHER.—The word "drawing-room" is abbreviated from "withdrawing room," the apartment to which the ladies withdrew from the hall, which was the usual living and dining-room. The custom of withdrawing after dinner is very ancient, and is derived from the Northmen, for the Vikings always dismissed all women from their boisterous drinking parties, in which dismissal they showed much good-feeling and sense.

SALTA.—We should imagine that it would be next to impossible to reduce the thickness of your fingers, but continued practice on the instrument will render them flexible. The awkwardness arises probably not from thickness, but from want of practice. Try rubbing and smoothing the flesh backwards, as if you were pulling on gloves, and continually work the fingers into various positions so as to ensure quickness of touch.

ENGINEER.—The greatest part of the Desert of Sahara is, it has been ascertained, from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean. The desert is not rainless, but showers cover it with grass for a few weeks every year, large flocks and herds being maintained upon its borders, and the oases are depressions in which water can be collected and stored. It was at one time believed that the whole of the desert was below the sea level, instead of only a comparatively small part of it.

BEATRICE.—We have repeatedly stated the facts about phrenology. It has no valid claim to the dignity of a science. There is just enough truth at the bottom of the hypothesis to mislead able but prejudiced men. Like everything else of the class, the theory of localization of functions has been overdone, and the greater truth, of which "phrenology" is only a fragment, has been neglected. It is impossible to give the reasons which are conclusive against the system without also imparting a practical knowledge of anatomy and physiology, to attain which is the work of years. Authorities have laid stress on the want of uniformity between the outside of the skull and the brain; but that is only one fact.

READER.—The "best man" has plenty to do at a wedding; he should present the bride with her bouquet, he should take charge of the ring and accompany the bridegroom to the church. It is his place to pay all the fees and give the usual tips—in fact, he represents the bridegroom in all the business matters pertaining to the ceremony. He should stand at the bridegroom's right hand during the ceremony, but slightly at the back. At the breakfast it is his place to look after the bridesmaids, and if their health is proposed, to answer for them. The custom of afternoon weddings is doing away with much of the old fashioned etiquette, but there is still quite enough for a "best man" to attend to.

YESTERDAY.

BY W. W. L.

Here where the river softly glides
Through wood and mead away,
A picture rises to my sight,
Of love and yesterday.

Ah! yesterday was holy day,
Beside me, dear, you walked—
We built our castles in the air,
Of love and and lovers talked.

A Comedy of Errors.

BY P. S.

TOWARDS the end of July, in the year, 18—, when metropolitan railways were not in existence, the clerk of the weather, in his usual punctilious manner, began to make himself obnoxious in London. People knew it was of no use trying to resist him. The only chance was a retreat, which was accordingly made with great expedition, and in a day or two the streets looked, comparatively speaking, empty.

I was wretched. For want of something better to do, I began calling on all my friends, in the vain hope that I might not find myself the only one left behind. Of course, no one was "at home,"—at least, when I say that, I express two meanings of the phrase "at home." Skinner, Montague, Marshall, and all my own peculiars, were literally gone, some to the Highlands, some to the Lowlands, to Cornwall, Cannes, or to Bagdad for aught I cared; but after I had rung the bell in different Park Lane mansions, and was contemplating the distorted reflection of my whiskers in the round door-handle, it did not surprise me to hear the dignified voice of John Thomas, "Not at home," for I knew that it meant "Not at home to you, sir."

True, Lady Uppingham and her charming daughters did leave London for their country-house three days afterwards, also Mrs. Webster and her lovely Clara a day or two later, and so on; but that made no difference to me. I was a poor fourth son in the Foreign Office, and I knew it. Why did I delay my departure any longer? "Where shall I go?" was now my hourly question. It was fearful not to possess a single friend to consult on the subject. I felt myself becoming desperate, and so uppermost was the thought in my mind, that one day, before I was aware of it, "Where shall I go?" slipped out of my lips while crossing Westminster Bridge.

"Down the river in a cab," replied a young rascal, who most wisely disappeared instantly among his fellows; so after a short consideration of the advice thus kindly and disinterestedly given, I resolved that I could not undertake the fatigues of such a journey.

Oh, joy! The next morning I eagerly tore open a scrawl from Tom Scott. He at least had not forgotten me. It ran thus:—

DEAR DENNISON.—I found salmon-fishing in Kilbraiton such a complete success last year, that I have a great mind to try it again, if you will go with me. There are lots of pretty girls there too, and who knows but we may pick up an heiress apiece! Meet me at St. Patrick's Hotel, Cork, next Wednesday, and we can go on together from there. Kilbraiton is an out-of-the way place, nearly fifty miles from the railway, so we shall not be troubled by any Cockneys, your especial aversion, if I mistake not.

Yours in haste, "T. SCOTT."

The very thing! Capital! I was off that afternoon, and after a smooth passage to the sister island, found Scott comfortably smoking his cigar and enjoying his toddy at St. Patrick's Hotel, while waiting for me.

In the course of the evening he exclaimed, after a prolonged whiff, "I say, old fellow, I have a bright idea. I'll introduce you as my friend, Sir George Mervynn, at Kilbraiton. You give secret hints of my vast possessions, and between us we may do a stroke of business."

"A truly clever thought," said I, and the next day we started by rail for Candon, the nearest station to our destination. Arrived there, we took an Irish car, and with all our belongings set forth on the most uninteresting journey possible: marsh, water—water, marsh, and so on.

On the evening of the second day we arrived at the small and only inn of Kilbraiton. Our appearance caused tremendous excitement. Landlord, hostess, barmaid, ostler, boots, and guests turned out to view the strangers. Scott, however, was soon recognised, and welcomed to his former lodging; and he introduced me, according to our mutual agreement, as his friend, Sir George Mervynn. We stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths when we had retired to our simple and not particularly commodious quarters, for below we heard the landlord giving forth, in a truly dignified manner, concerning "his honor," and "his honor's friend the great lord."

"I knew that, once speak the word at the 'Pig's Tail,' was to publish it in the Kilbraiton Times," said Scott.

Next morning we set off at nine for a day's fishing in the valley.

"And now that we are here," said I, "tell me about the people, the——"

"Heiresses, in fact, my dear fellow," said Scott. "Well, there are no resident commodities in that line; but the squire keeps an open house, and a stray family or two come down here in the Summer."

"What! Nay, I will never credit that. Heiresses at the 'Pig's Tail'? Scott, you have brought me here for a double joke."

"I never said that heiresses put up at the 'Pig's Tail,'" he replied, calmly. "Don't excite yourself, my dear fellow. There is a large old house in the valley, which belonged in days of yore to another squire, whose race died out. The house was believed haunted, and left to ruins for twenty years. Then an enterprising parvenu bought the place for a mere song and repaired it. He lives there some part of the year, and lets it about this time to two or three families, who keep their separate establishment and enjoy themselves mightily."

We soon found ourselves on the banks of the Lee, and commenced our sport.

"Last year," continued Scott, in a whisper, "there was the nicest girl down here that I have ever seen. Her mother is a Lady Onnorsby, a great swell, and rather in the way sometimes; but the girl—Kate is her name—is a splendid creature. She plays divinely, and I only wish you could see her on horseback. I wonder if they will be down here this Summer?"

In this way we fished and speculated, speculated and fished. About noon we were startled by a kindly voice from the bank above us.

"Fine sport in this river, young gentleman."

We both looked up, and saw a thin, yellow old gentleman, with a smile on his face, and standing a little behind him, a "charming vision" of white dress, golden hair, and blue eyes. Scott gave me a dig in the ribs, and making a sh[illegible] of moving, replied, "Not much luck[illegible], sir; we were just thinking of re[illegible]ing home. Does our way lie the same as yours? We are bound Kilbraiton wards."

"And we also," said the thin, yellow old gentleman, and forthwith we walked on together; Scott, with "charming vision," and I, with him whom we concluded must be her papa. I felt horribly jealous of him, selfish fellow; but I resolved to pay him out by doing the civil to my companion. He (the papa) seemed a most agreeable, gentlemanlike old man, had evidently traveled not a little, and moved in the first society; but there was a threadbare brown look about his clothes which made me very uncomfortable, in fact, I hardly knew which was worse, that, or the laughing conversation of Scott and "charming vision," who were now some way behind.

At last we reached Kilbraiton, and separated at a cross road. "Charming vision" had her hands full of flowers, which Scott had gathered for her, and she put one of the best in papa's buttonhole, giving him at the same time the sweetest smile imaginable. How I wished I were Peter familias for the moment! Scott and I stood looking after them till out of sight, and then we turned our own way.

"Quite a sell, old fellow," said Scott, "decayed gentlefolks: but a pretty little girl, for all that."

"I hope they have got some dinner for us," I remarked; "I am awfully hungry."

"So am I," said Scott; "but Dennison, I could do without even dinner on the news I have just heard. Kate Onnorsby is here. She and her mother are come to the same old house."

"Did 'the nice little girl tell you that?" I returned, with peculiar emphasis.

"Of course," said Scott; "who else could have done so? I found out her surname, too, if that interests you."

"I don't see why it should, particularly," said I.

"Nor I," said Scott. "It is Maitland, I told her that you were a baronet."

"Oh, hang it, Scott!" I exclaimed. "What did she say?"

"She opened her eyes and started like a child, as if it was the first live one she had come across."

Here we reached the "Pig's Tail," and found the following note from the squire's son:—

"DEAR SCOTT.—I heard you were down here again, and came to look after you, but as you are out, I write to ask if you will come to dinner at six, and bring your friend with you. Mother Hardingham is here again with her four daughters. I don't know what game she can be at this year, unless it is me. "A. FITZERSE."

"We have fallen upon our legs, haven't we?" exclaimed Scott, enthusiastically.

The afternoon soon passed, and at the time appointed we made a party of twelve at the squire's table. Lady Onnorsby and Miss Kate were there, and Scott, naturally, the fortunate man of the evening. Young Fitzerse introduced me to the youngest and best got up of Mrs. Hardingham's four daughters, whom I took in to dinner, and who, with her mother, monopolised me all the evening. The latter gave me a string of questions, and fortunately hardly time to answer them.

"Are you related to the Mervynns of Merrivale, Sir George? No? then yours is the Berkshire family? Just so—a younger branch. What a lovely place Silversley Tower is; I expect you have had plenty of good shooting there, too. In the army? No? hardly necessary for an eldest son (silvery laugh). Traveling? Oh, indeed. Georgina, Sir George says he was in Rome last Winter; only think of that! We were all there, even my two married daughters and their husbands. How I wish we had known you then. How charming Rome is! Georgina was in the schoolroom at that time (another silvery laugh) Are you fond of music, Sir George? Play that last Italian song Signor Mariovante gave you, my dear. Pretty, is it not? Go on, Georgina; give us something else. Do you know Miss Onnorsby? (Confidentially to me.) Ah, very bold and forward, is she not, Sir George? So conceited, too. Yes, she is, as you observe, a fine-looking girl, but her complexion is coarse. Do I know Lady Onnorsby? Slightly, from meeting her here, but I have no acquaintance with the family. Mr. Scott is a friend of yours, is he? We met him here last Summer, and all like him so much. Rich—is he? I thought so, and so honest and kind-hearted. Thank you; yes, our carriage is here." And so on.

Lady Onnorsby's carriage was announced at the same time, and the evening broke up. I escorted "mamma" downstairs, and Fitzerse one of the daughters, while Scott took care of Lady and Miss Onnorsby. I heard the latter say before he closed the door, "Well, Mr. Scott, if you do work the Fitzerses up to giving a ball, it will be great fun."

"And the first twelve dances, Miss Onnorsby?" said Scott.

"I shall make no promises," she replied. "Good-night."

Fitzerse, Scott, and myself had a quiet smoke in the grounds afterwards, and discussed things in general, and the company just gone in particular.

I had noticed, in spite of my breathless attempts to keep up with Mrs. Hardingham's lively conversation, that she and Lady Onnorsby hardly exchanged a word during the evening, and studiously kept on opposite sides of the room. They felt a degree of rivalry, I suppose; but Miss Onnorsby's manners were charmingly open and unaffected, while the Hardingham girls seemed to act entirely under their mother's eye. I mentioned the result of my observations to Scott, who gave me great credit for penetration, especially on the subject of "Kate."

I could hear very little about "charming vision." Her father had lived most of his life in India, and had only been home a year. He had taken his daughter away from school, and come down here for the Summer. That was all that was known of them, and Scott supposed they were poor. They lived secluded and quiet, and mixed very little with any one. They had been asked to dinner that evening, but had refused. This was all very discouraging to me.

Kate Onnorsby was the only moneyed young lady in the place, and she and Scott was evidently on the verge of a "mutual understanding." Nothing was left for me but one of Mrs. Hardingham's four daughters, so I wisely determined to forego matrimony for the present, partly because I knew it would be impossible to keep up the baronet joke for long with the uncommonly sharp woman of the world, and partly because I objected to a mother-in-law.

A fortnight at Kilbraiton passed very pleasantly. We had good fishing most days, and we usually presented the results to our friends the Fitzerses. Scott, however, managed to send his finest salmon or trout to Lady Onnorsby, and I mine to Mr. Maitland. There really was no one more profitable to whom I could give it; and as they were poor, I thought it might sometimes be acceptable. We often met "charming vision" and her father out walking or sketching, and he invariably gave us his peculiar merry twinkle of the eye, and sometimes stopped to talk with us, but he never asked us to come and see him.

One day the string of Miss Maitland's portfolio broke, and all her drawings tumbled out on the ground. In picking them up for her, I was surprised to see on a piece of paper, evidently used to rest her hand on whilst sketching, a rough, but unmistakable likeness of myself, sitting by the river fishing. When I returned them to her, I pointed to it.

"Where could you have seen me, and I not know it, Miss Maitland?"

"Are you the only gentleman who fishes in this river, Sir George?" she said, archly, but blushed.

"No—yet that is myself," I returned, in an undertone. "The others you have also, most likely, but on tinted or embossed cards. I prefer to be immortalised on the rough paper."

She laughed; so did I; and we left her sitting with her father under an old tree, looking so fresh and pure in her white dress, (I never saw her in anything but white,) and her broad Tuscan hat on her lap full of wild flowers.

"Old fellow," said Scott to me, when we were beyond earshot, "don't you fall in love with that pretty little girl. If she only had a little money!"

"I'll take care of myself, thank you," I replied, rather sulkily; and we did not have much more conversation through the day.

That evening, while taking a letter to the post, I met Mrs. Fitzerse.

"Have you," she asked, "an invitation to Lady Onnorsby's picnic to-morrow, Sir George?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"I wish I could prevail on Mr. Maitland to let his daughter come with me, even if he does not care to join us himself," she continued. "Poor girl! What a dull life she must lead!"

A turn of the road brought the old gentleman in sight.

"The very one I want to see!" exclaimed kind Mrs. Fitzerse; and we hurried forward to meet him. She began her appeal in a polite way. Mr. Maitland at first hesitated.

"Grace is a child," said he, "and has seen nothing of the world. She would feel so frightened among strangers, that it would be no enjoyment to her."

"But none of us will be quite strangers," she said; "and besides, you will come with her. Now, do think it over; and, remember, we shall keep two seats in the carriage till the last moment."

Mr. Maitland smiled, and gave me the benefit of one of his curious twinkles. There was something mysterious about this old gentleman, and I would have given a great deal at that moment to have been able to clear it up.

The next day we set forth for the place of rendezvous, Kate Onnorsby, Scott, and myself, riding by the side of the fortunate carriage which contained Grace and her father.

All picnics are alike; but I never enjoyed any like this; for I was able, not only to look at Grace, but to carry her portfolio, sharpen her pencils, and talk to her, to say nothing of satisfying pic-nic wants in the shape of chicken and tart. Mrs. Hardingham looked daggers at me all the day, as she sustained a spirited conversation with some young officers from Cork, friends of Fitzerse. Lady Onnorsby was most gracious to me, and Miss Kate and Scott looked desperately happy.

Two or three days afterwards, Mrs. Fitzerse gave a picnic, which was nearly as charming as the first, only father Maitland kept rather more in my way than was pleasant; and the next Tuesday was fixed for the long-wished-for ball.

Scott and I had been rather reserved of late on some subjects; but when it came to Tuesday, and we were actually getting ourselves up for the occasion, poor Scott burst out.

"Oh, Dennison, this won't do any longer!" he exclaimed. "Our jokes are carried too far. I have really got fond of Kate Onnorsby, and her scheming mother encourages me, because she thinks I have as much money as Kate. If I had only dreamt what a fool I was going to make of myself! I have half proposed, and there is nothing for me now but to keep it up as long as I can. Oh, by Jove! if I had only a rich aunt on the brink of the grave, wouldn't I make up to her! Dennison, advise me, like a good fellow."

"Upon my word, Scott," said I, also un-

able to contain myself any longer, "I am in as desperate a case as you, and I dare say you can guess in what quarter. I can't help myself; I tried as long as I could against it. She would never be nice, with millions of money. I haven't spoken a word of love to her yet, but I must know somehow whether she likes me before I leave. When is our time up, Scott?"

"In a week," he replied. "Oh, confound it all!" he exclaimed; "why were we such a couple of fools? We only wanted a bit of fun at first. I'd have been hanged sooner than let it come to this, if I could have helped it."

"Well, we must take our chance, old fellow," said I; "I really don't know which of us is in the worst plight."

We went to the ball, looking any thing but our best, and poor Scott in desperation danced six times with one of the Hardingham girls, flirting in a boisterous manner, and charming mamma. I watched Kate Onnorsby's face, and saw her first flush when he did not come up to speak to her; and when I asked her for a valse, she coolly informed me that her card was filled for the evening.

Grace Maitland was at the ball, and in the simplest of white dresses, with forget-me-nots in her hair. I found her dancing with Fitzerse, and engaged to several of the young officers from Cork. There seemed nothing for me but to squeeze myself up against the wall, talk to her father, watch her glide through the mazes of the dance, and feel mad.

I must at least have looked miserable, for he was unusually kind, chatty, and communicative, discussed India and some of his adventures there, and then began to ask me about my occupations, etc. Somehow or other I could tell him no more lies, and after a feeble attempt to escape his apparent interest in me, I said hurriedly, "Don't, my dear sir, ask me about my occupations now. Allow me to come and talk to you for an hour to-morrow."

A sudden earnestness in my tone seemed to startle him, for he turned straight upon me, and looked me hard in the face. Fortunately Mrs. Fitzerse came up at that moment.

"Why, Sir George, you not dancing?" she said. "Unpardonable! I am ashamed of you."

The next minute saw me waltzing with Miss Georgina Hardingham. Later in the evening, walking round the room with Georgina on my arm, we happened to be behind Grace Maitland and a young ensign in the Artillery, who had danced a great deal with her, and was paying her the most devoted attention. Mrs. Fitzerse and Lady Onnorsby were sitting in a corner, and as she passed, the former caught her dress, and Grace, still retaining the arm of her partner, bent down to Mrs. Fitzerse, who said, in a compassionate loud whisper, and with a significant nod at her partner, "How you are wasting your evening, my dear! Don't you know that 'Artillery' can at best only give you the sunny side of a baggage wagon? Sir George is, certainly not handsome, yet——" but there was no time to finish whatever she was going to say, for Grace, flushing crimson over face, neck, and arms, snatched her dress away, and moved on.

The band struck up the "Lancers;" and "Artillery," who must have heard what passed, whispered something about the next dance; but Grace shook her beard, said she was tired, and sat down by her father the rest of the evening. "Artillery" stood disconsolately behind her chair, and Miss Georgina and I continued to dance together till the ball broke up.

The Maitlands left early; and I would have gone too, but Scott, who was evidently in good spirits again, and had made up his little misunderstanding with Kate Onnorsby, seemed in no hurry to move off, and waited till they left.

When snug in our own quarters, Scott wrung my hand furiously, exclaiming at the same time, "Congratulate me, my dear Dennison! She has accepted me!"

"And mamma Onnorsby?" I asked, maliciously.

"Oh, hang the mamma!" exclaimed Scott. "I have to go there in the morning; and I must prepare my speeches before I go to sleep, and dream over them."

"Well, my dear fellow," said I, "I am glad to see you so light-hearted. You are like the young bears: all your troubles are to come."

"And you, old bear," said he, "what have you done, or what are you going to do?"

"That is yet to be considered," I replied gruffly; and in due time Scott dropped into the arms of Morpheus.

I need hardly say that I did not sleep, but spent the night in revolving whatever I should do or say when I kept my appointment with Mr. Maitland in the morning. I could come to no decision. Scott and I were in a confounded mess; and I particularly felt it was of no use trying to impose on the old man. He was sharper than he looked.

The day dawned most lovely, and between twelve and one we sauntered with an air of apparent nonchalance through Kilbraiton to the old house I have before mentioned. Lady Onnorsby's rooms lay at the side nearest the road, and those of the Maitlands at the back, looking into part of the garden and a plantation.

I cannot tell whether I was glad, or otherwise, when told the Maitlands were at home, and I am equally ignorant of my feelings at the precise moment when the old gentleman entered the room alone. I only know that I confessed everything to him from beginning to end, and then told him I loved his daughter. He heard me to the end without a word, and when I stopped speaking, he asked me quietly if I had ever spoken to her of my attachment. Of course I had not, and should never do so unless with his consent. He remained silent a moment, and I sat like a criminal, waiting for my verdict.

"You have acted honorably in this," he said, at length, and his voice trembled; "but the whole thing has come on me so suddenly that I cannot give you an answer now. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

I bowed, took up my hat as calmly as I could, and we said good-morning. I set off for a violent walk, and did not return to the "Pig's Tail" till eight o'clock p. m. Scott was puffing his Havannah, and looking radiant.

"Well," said I, "it is not difficult to see how the wind lies with you."

"You'll hardly credit me," he replied, "when I tell you that Lady Onnorsby received me graciously, told me that it had been the wish of her heart last year, began to weep, and embraced me as a son."

"When are you going to be noosed?" I asked, crossly.

"I proposed a month hence," he replied; "but she drew back, saying that that was too soon. I asked then if Kate would prefer to be married from her own home, but to that the old lady objected also. They had been traveling for three years, and had become so attached to Kilbraiton that she would prefer for the wedding to take place here in a quiet way. Of course I assented to everything, and it was finally agreed for the end of the Autumn, about the first or second week in October. They are both going up to London to-morrow for a fortnight, and I have leave to accompany them. You won't mind being alone the last week here, I daresay, Dennison?"

"Say at once that I should be rather in your way under the circumstances," I replied, snappishly.

"Ah, by-the bye, what is your news?" he exclaimed, starting up and stretching himself.

"Not much to interest you, sir," I replied; and I left him, feeling myself sore all over.

Scott and the Onnorsbys were off at eight o'clock the next morning, and I came down to a solitary breakfast. While thus occupied, the servant brought in a note. I held it in my hands for at least five minute before I could open it. When I at length managed that process, I read as follows:—

"DEAR SIR.—If I remember right, you told me yesterday morning that your salary at the Foreign Office would be raised to £500 per annum in two years. If you are content to wait for my daughter till then, she shall be yours, with her own consent. I have said no word to her on the subject, but you will find her alone this evening between seven and eight.

"Yours faithfully,

BARRINGTON MAITLAND."

"Wait two years!" I soliloquised; "ay! twenty, when I had leave to try and win her love."

I did not feel angry at Scott's happiness any more.

I went up to the house at seven, and when I got there, felt half glad that the Onnorsbys were away, though I liked them very well. I caught sight of a white dress in the plantation, and soon found its owner. The dear girl seemed startled to see me, and said she was sorry her father was out. I took both her hands and told her how glad I was, and then came at once to the point. She did not interrupt me, but the sweet face sank lower and lower, until at last I could not see it.

"Dear Grace," said I, "have I frightened you?—look up."

She obeyed, and her eyes were full of tears.

"But you are a baronet," she whispered, trembling.

"No, my darling, I am only poor George Dennison," I replied, and then I told her all about the unfortunate joke.

"I love you, George Dennison," she said simply, and smiled on me.

Half-an-hour afterwards her father called her, from the sitting-room window, and she managed to free her hands and run to him. I followed her slowly, and Mr. Maitland met me at the door.

"Well?" said he, with that peculiar twinkle in his eye that I had remarked before.

"Oh, sir, she loves me?" I exclaimed; "and I will wait for years if you give us hope."

"You remember the conditions, Mr. Dennison," said he, and there was a singling emphasis on my name.

Yes, I did remember, and kept them, according to agreement, for the two years.

Mr. Maitland and Grace lived in a pretty little house at Richmond, and I always spent my Sundays there. I had not all this while seen Scott once since his departure from Kilbraiton. I inquired at his old address, and could hear no tidings of his whereabout. One afternoon, a week before my marriage, I met him in Pall Mall.

"Well, old fellow!" said he.

"Well, old fellow!" said I, and then we both began to laugh.

"How is Mrs. Scott?" I asked. "I shall come and see you."

"Do, by all means," said he. "Dine with us next week."

"I suppose you are a gentleman at large now," said I.

"Never worked so hard in my life," returned Scott, with a confused laugh. "The fact is, old fellow, Kate and I were both sold. It turned out that there was no money on either side, so we are making the best of it. I wouldn't exchange Kate for an heiress now, for she makes £200 a year by teaching music, is a brave girl, and we are very happy together; but I never ask Mrs. Onnorsby to my house."

Grace and I were married very quietly, and went to Kilbraiton, for our honeymoon. We afterwards lived at Richmond, and both begged Mr. Maitland to make our house his home, which, with some hesitation, he consented to do; but he left us often for [illegible] at a time, to see his estates in Devonshire.

One day, [illegible] but two years after our marriage, Mr. Maitland suddenly proposed that we should accompany him in one of his Devonshire visits. My month's holiday was close at hand, and I agreed. We took the train to Taunton, where a carriage met us, and after an hour's drive we arrived at a pretty park, where the lodge woman curtseyed as she opened the gates. We saw visions of a charming garden, greenhouse, etc., and the house door was open, with servants standing in the hall. Mr. Maitland took us into the drawing-room.

"This is yours, my children," he said. "It was a whim of mine to keep Grace's riches secret, and it has answered as I desired. God bless you both; and let the old man end his days with you."

Lily Bell.

BY M. A. B.

"OH! please will you buy my violets?"

Poor little Lily! She had wandered for hours through the busy city streets with that plaintive question on her lips. She had looked into all the strange faces that passed her, and had dropped her pretty shy curtsey whenever she found one that she thought looked kinder than the rest. Her little feet were weary, and her heart was heavy with disappointment at her ill-success. She had sold but one of her little bunches, and her trembling fingers closed tightly over the solitary penny. She thought with a swelling heart, not of her hunger, though she had taken nothing since breakfast, when she saved half of her bread and milk for her little brother Charley. She thought of her poor sick mother, stitching all the bright Spring day at those tiresome fine shirts, which always gave her that cruel pain in her side, and for which she got so little money.

It was this that made Lily stop, and look tearfully into the tempting shop windows. She wondered for the twentieth time if a penny would be enough to buy for her mother any of the nice things she saw there.

Poor Lily! this was her first day's experience. It had taken a great deal of coaxing to get her mother's consent. She was frightened at the thought of her going out alone. But Lily was full of hope and courage in the morning, when she tied her worn straw bonnet under her dimpled chin, and hung her little basket proudly on her arm. Her violets looked so fresh and sweet among their cool, green leaves, that she was quite sure somebody would buy them.

Lily was a lovely little creature, delicate and fair as a water lily, with such a sweet, pure face, and the softest touch of color on her velvet cheek, like the faint coral tint of a sea-shell. Her deep blue eyes might have stolen the hue of her violets; and the curls that waved round her shoulders were of rich dark chestnut, with a golden ripple here and there, as if a stray sunbeam had lost itself in their folds. The sweet, shy violets, were not more out of place than she was with her tender, fragile beauty, in the noise and bustle of the crowded streets. It seemed such a pity that she was not away in the country, weaving daisy chains in some green meadow, and helping the merry birds to sing, instead of sitting on the cold door-step, wearily leaning her cheek against her little hand. It was pitiful to see such wistful, unshared sorrow in any childish face.

The step on which Lily rested belonged to a large, handsome house, but it looked gloomy with its heavily curtained windows and half-closed Venetian blinds. As she sat there, Lily wondered if the people in the city were always in such a hurry as they had seemed that day. She was sorry that, out of so many people, there should be so few who loved violets. Then she thought of her disappointment, and tried to keep back her tears, for fear her mother should think she had been crying. She had just made some resolutions that were very brave for a tired little girl, when she was startled to her feet by the sudden opening of the house door, and the sound of a quick, impatient step behind her.

Lily was too frightened to run away. She saw a stern-looking, gray-haired gentleman, with a silver-headed cane and a heavy sounding bunch of gold seals. She always wondered how it was that she so soon overcame her awe of him. She had that day passed many a kinder face than his, with its hard mouth, and its deep seams of wrinkles across the forehead.

"Please, sir, would you buy my violets?"

The last word died on her sweet lips in a trembling whisper of apprehension, and gentleman having frowned and turned so sharply round.

"Eh, child, what do you think I want with violets? There, go along! don't you see that you are in the way?"

Lily had not a word to say in defence, but her sweet pleading eyes had a language of their own. She was going away, but he spoke again.

"And so you go about selling flowers? Don't you know, child, that it is an idle vagrant life? Your mother, if you have one, ought to teach you to do something better."

Lily's eyes filled with tears, and her face flushed at this mention of her mother.

"My dear mother says my hands are too little, and that I am not strong enough yet to labor," replied Lily. "But I think sometimes that I could do a great deal if I was only sure that I could earn some money for her and brother Charley. We are all hungry sometimes, and mother is so ill that I am afraid she will leave us and go to Heaven to our dear father."

The rich merchant looked at his watch; he had an important engagement in the city; yet he still lingered to question the child.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Lily Bell, sir," she replied.

"Lily—what?" He stooped down, and looked at her with a startled, troubled face.

"Lily Bell," repeated the child, half frightened at his manner.

"And where do you live?"

She named a street in an obscure part of the town, and gave the number of the house, and the merchant wrote it down hastily in his pocket-book.

"Have you any relations?" he asked.

The child hesitated as she replied, "None that I know of, except my mother, and brother Charley, and my rich grandpapa. I don't think I have seen my grandpapa, for he was angry with our poor father, and has never loved us."

"And of course you don't love him?" said the old gentleman. "Your mother will have taught you not to do so."

"No, sir; mother never taught me anything wicked," replied Lily. "She says I am to love everybody, and I always say a prayer for grandpapa."

The old gentleman was struggling with strong emotion. He averted his head without speaking, and with trembling haste pressed some money into her little hand,

more than enough to buy out the stock in trade half-a-dozen flower-girls, and a much larger sum than Lily had ever held in her hand before.

"Won't you take the violets, sir?" she asked, half bewildered with joy.

"Not now, little one," said he; "you may keep them for me. I will send for them to-morrow."

The old gentleman forgot his appointment in the city, and stood gazing after the little figure till it was lost in the distance.

Happy Lily was no longer weary, but flew along the streets, with beaming eyes, and feet that would not have crushed a daisy under their light tread. She never stopped till she was safe in the humble little room where her gentle mother sat stitching in the twilight, with little Charley playing on the floor at her feet, wearily drooping her head over her work, and anxiously listening for the return of her absent darling.

What a proud moment it was for sweet Lily Bell! How full her little heart was when she placed the money in her wondering mother's hand, and, pressing her glowing face to the dear wasted cheek, poured out her eager, breathless story about the kind gentleman who had given so much money for her violets.

It would have been a touching lesson for the proud city merchant, who had grown gray at his counting house desk, making money till he owned more wealth than he knew what to do with, if he could have seen all the happiness that grew out of his gift to the little flower girl—the gift so trifling to him!

The merchant needed some thought to soothe him that night when he paced his stately drawing-room so uneasily. The sound of his heavy football was muffled in the rich moss like carpet, but there was the working lip and the troubled eye that nothing could hide. Why was he disturbed? It was not business cares. He had locked them up with his ledger. It was not anxiety about the fate of any of his richly freighted ships, for he knew that they were all safe in port. No it was the vision of the little flower girl that haunted him, and her sweet childish voice, like the soft chime of a silver bell, was still ringing in his ear.

"Yes, it must be," he murmured. "The name removes all doubt. Lily—Lily Bell. I spoke roughly to her. God bless her! She always says a prayer for grandpapa. Oh! has it come to this—my son's child in the streets selling flowers? To think that those he loved are in this extremity, while I——. But they did not seek my help. Why should they, when they knew I shut him from my heart? What hope had they from me when I could let him struggle, and sink, and die? If I could but undo the past! Oh, Charles! Charles!"

The name broke on the silence of the room in a low, sharp cry of agony. He looked round, as if vaguely hoping for some reply; but there was no sound except the fall of a cinder from the fire, and the low, tranquil ticking of the gilded timepiece on the mantelpiece. The rich man was alone with his awakened conscience.

It was one of those everyday stories of life, so often realized in our busy, money-making world. The merchant had an only son, the pride of his heart, and the object of all his ambitious hopes. Like many other worldly fathers, he planned his son's marriage with a high-born heiress; but, in setting his heart on this match, he made the common mistake of not consulting the inclination of the person most concerned. The young man fell in love with the orphan daughter of a poor curate, a sweet young creature, who was governess in the family of one of his father's friends. He persuaded the gentle girl into the imprudence of a private marriage, believing that, after the first stormy meeting was over, his father would relent. He thought that one sight of his young wife would charm away all his anger.

But the young man did not know what it would take to uproot his father's pride and prejudice. He suffered much for his first act of filial disobedience. The stern father would not forgive his son's unworldly marriage. He closed his heart and home against him, sternly forbidding his name to be mentioned in his presence on pain of his displeasure. His meek wife wept and pleaded for her boy, as only a mother could weep and plead. She did not live twelve months after his banishment; her husband knew that it had broken her heart; but this only added new bitterness to his anger against his offending son.

Every day the breach between father and son grew wider; when they met it was as strangers. The son's letters were sent back unopened, and the father turned coldly from all who spoke of him. He even secluded himself from society, and lived much alone in his great, gloomy house.

The young man struggled bravely against the ills of adverse fate, till a long protracted illness reduced him and his loved ones to the poverty he had so much dreaded. He died, leaving his young wife and babes to the mercy of the world, which could not be more pitiless than his father. Mr. Bell read the tidings of his son's death with apparent calmness, but from that moment twenty years might have been added to his age.

Dear little Lily was the unconscious avenger of her father's wrong. Who could have told what was to result from the sale of those simple violets?

Convinced beyond a doubt that Lily Bell was his grandchild, the humbled, repentent man went next day with as much speed as his handsome carriage and sleek gray horses could take him to the address he had written in his pocket-book. He did all that could be done to atone for his past harshness, never allowing himself a moment's rest till he had taken the widow and children of his lost son to gladden his lonely old age.

The wealthy merchant soon learned to love his gentle daughter-in-law, and ceased to wonder that she had won his son's heart. His only sorrow was that he was now so soon to lose her, for the physicians could not disguise the painful truth that she was in a hopeless consumption. Those long days of weary stitching, and the struggle with poverty, had worn away her life.

Every soft luxury that wealth could purchase was spread about the gentle invalid, but it was too late to save her. Lily's mother was fading like the light of a summer evening. But in relieving her painful fears about the fate of her children, her father in law could take the soothing thought to his heart that he made her last days happy.

It was noticed that old Mr. Bell had always a marked fondness for violets. He loved to see them about him in the Spring time: and he often said that he owed to those flowers the greatest blessing of his age. He could not have told any one how dear his grandchildren were to him. He was very proud of Charley, for he resembled his father, and also inherited his talents. But sweet Lily was [illegible] dio.. It was for her sake that [illegible] gave up his city house and his old city habits, and bought a beautiful country seat, where his white May blossom lived and bloomed into beauty, pure and sweet as the flower whose name she bore.

It was this new tie that opened the old man's heart to the gentle human charities. The beggar was never turned harshly from his gate; and, above all, he was tender to the children of the poor. Like the far famed Burchell, it was his practice to store his pockets with good things, to give away to the little people whom he met in his walks; and if there chanced to be a fair, blue eyed girl in the group, he would single her out, and draw her kindly to his side, and she would be sure of a double share of the candy or gingerbread. It was all for the sake of the artless little fairy, with her humble basket of violets, who crept into his heart, from the moment that he saw her on his door step.

The dearest wish of the merchant was granted, for he lived to see Lily grown to womanhood, and to give her hand at the altar to one whom her heart had chosen, and who proved himself worthy of the precious gift.

The rich man's beautiful grandchild might have sought a more ambitious marriage; but her grandfather said that Lily Bell would have wealth enough for both. He had learned from the sad past not to seek to divide the hearts that Love has drawn together.

When her grandfather died, Lily was his last earthly thought. He held her dear hand in his till death had loosed his hold of life, and Lily's fair face was the last on which he closed his fading eyes.

No Right in Persia.—It is a generally accepted truth, says Lippincott's, that the position accorded to women by a nation gives a fair standard by which to measure its degree of civilization and morality. Judged by this test the Persians are on a very low plane even when compared with the "unspeakable Turk" and other glittering barbarians whose shibboleth is Allah il Allah.

So far as mere material existence, the gosser wants of our human nature, are concerned it is true woman in Persia does not suffer greatly. She is perhaps not so much the beast of burden, the household drudge, as is the poor wife of the factory employe, the laborer, the mechanic in England, Belgium, France, Germany, nay, even America. Her life is not so entirely wasted away in frantic efforts to make both ends meet, to feed, clothe, and keep out of mischief the children who constitute her sole wealth, nor has she to exercise that degree of keen foresight, of prudence, of hard-grained economy which is necessary for her poverty stricken Western sister.

Her thoughts do not have to turn exclusively in the narrow range of never-ending household cares, amid the mean and minute details which form a ceaseless purgatory for the poor woman of our civilization. But, while the latter is at least admitted into her husband's whole heart and confidence, her privileges as a wife and mother conceded and her burden generally not more onerous than that of the man, in Persia the woman—girl, wife, and widow—is but a thing, a soulless piece of property, to be dealt with according to the man's whim. She does not share a man's higher aspirations, cares, and ambitions. If she has few duties, she has no rights. She is held in such low esteem that to speak about her is deemed indecent and indecorous. Her children are not hers to love, command, and keep. In short, she is in her youth solely a toy and in her age a reproach and a nuisance.

Why Indians Paint Their Faces.—"Why do Indians paint their faces?" I have asked that question of hundreds of red men, and have received but one answer. Of all the tribes that I have visited, but one has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

"I was sitting at a camp fire in a village of Jicarilla Apaches one night listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"'Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped and bounded after the man, who ran for his life. He was almost exhausted, and, when he felt his strength giving way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"'Now, you know, no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. You know, all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war.'"

Arithmetic and Dressing.—Teacher: "If your mother had twenty five yards of stuff, and made a dress containing eighteen yards, how much would she have left?" Little Girl: "Mamma can't make her own dress. She has tried often, and they are always either too——" Teacher: "Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dressmaker send back?" Little Girl: "Depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send back any." Teacher (impatiently): "Suppose she sent it to an honest one?" Little Girl: "Some of the honestest ones cut things to waste, so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send 'em."

Have you ever tried Dobbins' Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get one bar of your grocer, and see for yourself why it is praised by so many, after 28 years steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

At Home and Abroad.

The largest kitchen in the world is in that great Parisian store, the Bon Marche, which has 4 000 employes. The smallest kettle contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of fifty roasting-pans is big enough for 400 cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare 7,000 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone 60 cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

Berlin is anxious that the Industrial Exposition which will be held in that city in 1896 shall be attractive to all interested in the study of modern city government. Accordingly, a separate pavilion, covering about 1200 square meters of ground, will be erected, at a cost of about 150 000 marks. Here will be shown the details of the management of the educational, hospital and benevolent institutions; the sewerage, gas and water systems; the bridges, public buildings, markets and public baths. These will be fully illustrated by models and drawings and by full statistics.

At Russian Royal weddings a most unbending etiquette is followed in the matter of dress. The ladies of the Court wear a specialized form of the native costume, consisting of a low neck bodice with puffed sleeves, a white satin petticoat embroidered with silver, and a velvet train embroidered with gold. A diadem is worn on the head from which hangs a long tulle veil. The maids of honor to the reigning Empress always wear scarlet, and also a blue shoulder knot bearing the initials of their mistress in diamonds. The average cost of one of these dresses is said to be at least three hundred pounds.

One of the strangest outlays ever told of is that for which the British War Department is said to be responsible. The story is that a workman engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at the Woolwich Arsenal, lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell of it. The War Department authorities held a conference, and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and, that mass of metal was actually buried, and a Church of England clergyman read the service for the dead over it.

"It is a common idea," says a Cincinnati horse-dealer, "that the change of motive power for street cars and the consequent disuse of horses, thus reducing the demand, is largely responsible for the decline in prices of horses. That is true as to a certain kind of horseflesh—but not the best kind. What affects my business more than anything else is the bicycle. This diminishes the use of a better class of horses—a class not affected materially by the substitution of electricity for horses on street railways. The bicycle takes the place of the gentleman's riding horse, of the lady's riding horse, buggy and carriage horses, and of the youngster's pony. People in general do not realize how disastrous the bicycle has been to the market for these kind of horses."

King Humbert of Italy is said to be almost a total abstainer. On state occasions and at official dinners he is, as a matter of course, obliged, for form's sake, to drink a little wine, but he takes merely the smallest sips, and those only when it is not to be avoided. In private he is said to rarely have wine on his table. An illustration of his habits occurred the other day, when his Majesty visited a great vermouth distillery in Palermo. When the owner of the distillery offered the king a glass of his finest brand, so popular in the sunny land, he declined it, laughing, with the words: "I have been called to be the head of a wine producing nation par excellence and ought to set a good example in the consumption of our wines. Unfortunately—and I almost fear the admission—there is hardly a poorer wine drinker than myself in all Italy."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

A RED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY G. C. L.

THIS is how it all came about:

Toney had been taken by his mother to be photographed; the photograph was to be a birthday present to his father, who was in India. He had been dressed up in his very best clothes, his mother standing by with a comb in her hand to keep his hair tidy, for he had a trick of ruffling it up in front like the crest of a cockatoo when he was intent upon anything.

Toney had taken great interest in the whole affair. He wanted to understand all about everything, and had asked the amused artist more questions than he could answer. The result was as pretty a picture as could be desired, and Toney's mother was sure that his father would be delighted with it.

But there was another result, which was not so satisfactory either to Toney himself or to his mother, for our hero was seized with a desire for taking photographs—or rather, for pretending to take them. He was always grouping and arranging his little cousins, the servants, the dogs, the cats, and in fact anything or anybody whom he could persuade to "sit" to him, he himself flourishing round with a cloth arranged tent-wise over his head.

One fine afternoon Toney was invited to tea with his cousins, who lived near—his uncle and aunt being absent from home; and after a merry meal, he and Maurice and May agreed to go out and play in the fields. It was chilly after sunset, so May picked up a large red silk handkerchief as they passed through the hall, and threw it over her arm, to put on by-and by. Having enjoyed a game of ball, the children paused to rest against a gate leading into an adjoining field, in which some cows were feeding.

"I should like to photograph those cows," said Toney; "they are grouped so nicely."

"You are always talking of groups, Toney," laughed May; "but we are forbidden to go into that field: one of the cows—that brown and white one—is very ill-tempered. She ran at a girl once."

Toney threw up his head.

"I'm not a girl!" he cried, "and I have not been forbidden to go there. I'm not afraid of a cow."

He climbed to the top of the gate and jumped down on the other side as he spoke.

"Lend me your handkerchief, May. An operating cloth ought to be black by rights, but that will do for once."

May handed over the red handkerchief, which Toney threw over his straw hat in his usual important fashion, and running across the field, began his favorite play of pretending to photograph, with much energetic posturing.

The cows didn't quite like it. They stared at him, and then moved about and muttered, and Toney could not get them into nice groups again, though he followed and spoke coaxingly to them. At length two cows ceased to take notice of his antics, and began to feed again. Standing still at a little distance, Toney gazed at them intently from beneath his red tent.

"There, that's lovely! Keep quite still, you dear creatures!" he exclaimed in a tone of huge enjoyment, wishing, meanwhile, that he had a real camera, when screams of terror from Maurice and May caused him to turn sharply round, and, to his dismay, he saw the brown-and-white cow running towards him, with her head down and showing unmistakable signs of anger.

Forgetting, in his haste, to remove the handkerchief, Toney set off running towards the gate with it streaming out behind him, the cow lumbering after as fast as she could trot.

"Faster—oh, run faster, Toney!" shrieked Maurice. "She will toss you!"

Seeing that the gate was only fastened with a bit of rope, May was endeavoring with frantic haste to untie it, in order to let her cousin through; but Maurice stopped her.

"We could never fasten it again in time, he said. "I'll help him over."

On raced Toney, cleverly trying to baffle the cow by dodging round trees, and having thus drawn her round the one nearest the gate, he made a sudden double and flew towards it.

"I shall do it, after all!" he gasped; and Maurice's arms were already outstretched to receive him, when the infuriated animal, irritated by seeing the red streamers—which had all along, though the children did not know it, been the object of her anger—so near her, made a sudden rush, and catching up the little boy on her lowered horns, fairly tossed him over the gate into the arms of his terrified cousins.

May fell to the ground with him, and thus in some degree broke the violence of his fall, but Maurice, snatching a stake from the hedge, valiantly threatened the cow, though it did not, happily, appear to have any intention of molesting them. The handkerchief had fallen off Toney's hat as he flew over the gate, and now lay on the ground on her own side of the fence, and on this she proceeded to expend her rage, stamping on, and tearing it into fragments; till, satisfied with her vengeance, she at length cantered off, a long strip of it flying from one of her horns.

Maurice then turned to inspect the wounded. May was sitting on the grass, too much frightened to cry; and Toney, with closed eyes and a white face, bleeding from a cut on the head, lay beside her.

"The cow is gone," said Maurice. "Oh, I say, May, look at Toney! You are not hurt, are you?"

"Only my arm," returned May. "Oh, Maurice, if Toney should be killed!"

"Killed: nonsense!" returned Maurice, kneeling by his cousin's side; but he was himself frightened at Toney's white face. "Now, May, look here; don't cry like a baby; for you must run for help. Tell Neal the gardener to come. You see, I must stay, in case the cow should come back; but if it's only your arm that's hurt, you can run."

May rose obediently, and stifling her sobs, ran with all her speed across the field, and meeting Neal as she opened the garden gate, despatched him to the assistance of the boys, and then running on, told her story to nurse, who promptly followed the gardener.

Then the brave little girl could think of her own pain, and she sat down on the lowest step of the staircase, feeling faint and ill, for having fallen with her arm bent under her, it was really badly bruised and strained.

She was still seated there when, in a few minutes, which had seemed to her like hours, Neal entered the hall, carrying Toney in his arms, while Maurice, running beside them, was explaining to nurse the details of the accident.

"It was nothing in the world but that red handkerchief of Miss May's," said Neal. "She can't abear red, can't that old cow; and she allers was a nasty tempered brute."

Toney, who had recovered his senses by this time, was laid on the sofa in the dining-room, and the old family doctor, summoned by nurse, was soon beside him.

"Hullo, young man! how is that?" he exclaimed, feeling Toney all over. "Ah, limbs all right—nothing amiss but a few bruises, besides this cut on the head: a strip of diachylon plaster will soon mend that. Yes, that lock of hair must come off; but you'll be none the worse in a few days, my boy. I'd better drive you home."

Great was the dismay of Toney's mother when the doctor marched him in with the said strip of plaster on his head, in place of the golden crest; but, after all, Toney was quite able next day to go in person to inquire for his cousin May, whom he found looking pale and carrying her arm in a sling.

"I say, Toney," remarked Maurice, "you won't be quite so fond of photographing now."

"Oh yes," returned Toney. "I shan't pretend any more, perhaps; but mother has promised to give me a real camera for my birthday, and I shall make that old cow 'sit' yet: see if I don't—only I must have a black operating cloth, you know."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—There is nothing more amusing, perhaps, in all the quaint and curious 'customs' of the House of Commons, than the strange ceremony which marks the termination of its every sitting. The moment the House is adjourned, stentorian-voiced messengers and policemen cry out in the lobbies and corridors, "Who goes home?" These mysterious words have sounded every night for centuries through the Palace of Westminster. The performance originated at a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties for common protection against the footpads who infested the streets of London. But though that danger has long since passed away, the cry of "who goes home?" is still heard night after night, receiving no reply, and expecting none.

A member addressing the House stands uncovered; but not always. There is an occasion when it is positively out of order for a member to speak on his feet and with his hat off. He must speak in his seat with his hat on his head. When a debate has terminated, and the question which has been discussed is put from the Chair, an interval of two minutes—during which the electric division bells ring out their summons all over the precincts of St. Stephen's—is allowed to enable members to get to the Chamber. The time is taken by a sandglass on the table, and when it has elapsed, the doors of the Chamber are locked. It is at this particular juncture that it is essential that a member who desires to address the Chair should retain his seat and wear his hat. If he were to follow the ordinary practice, and stand up uncovered, he would be roared and shouted at from all sides of the House for his breach of etiquette.

Mr. Gladstone had occasion a few years ago to address the Chair just as a division was to be taken; and as he never brought his hat into the Chamber, he was obliged to put on the headgear of one of his lieutenants who sat on the bench beside him. Now, Mr. Gladstone's head is of an abnormal size. He has to get his own hats made to order. It is improbable that the hat of any other member in the House would fit him; but the hat available on the occasion of which we write only just covered his crown, and members made thereafter ring with laughter at his comical efforts to balance it on his head for the few minutes he occupied in speaking from his seat on the front Opposition bench.

An old and eccentric member of the English House of Commons, who died recently, vainly endeavored during half a century of Parliamentary life to get passed into law a Bill for preventing persons from standing outside windows while cleaning them. During his last session, the poor fellow complained to a colleague that his object in introducing the Bill had been quite misunderstood by the House for these fifty years. "I introduced the Bill," said he, "not for the sake of the window-cleaners, but for the sake of the people below, on whom they might fall. The idea of the Bill was suggested to me by the fear that a window-cleaner might fall on myself."

SURPRISED.—The Norwegian kjelke are queer little carriages about six feet long, made [illegible] the descent of snowsides [illegible] rarely exceed a foot in width, and are [illegible] some eight or ten inches on runners. In his right hand the rider carries a long pole, varying from twelve to eighteen feet in length, with which he is able to steer. A traveler in Norway tells a good story of kjelke coasting, which is always dangerous, but seldom as funny as in the present case.

A gentleman was riding his kjelke down from Holmenkollen, and before him on the road he saw a lady and gentleman walking. He called loudly to them to get out of the way; but either they did not hear, or his pace was too great, and they could not move aside.

As he rushed madly on, his little kjelke, before he knew what had happened, whipped up the lady, and there she was, sitting in front of him. What was his astonishment to find that he was conveying an utter stranger down the mountain-side at this break-neck pace! He was too busy and too breathless to speak, and they sped away.

The lady knew that she must sit quite still, and after the first shock she tucked her feet away and remained in quiet bewilderment until they reached the bottom.

There they stood aghast. Each bowed to the other. Each apologized, the one for being in the way, the other for bearing off a lady so unceremoniously. All reserve soon wore off, and by the time the lady's brother arrived he found them chatting and laughing, the best of friends.

AN amusing story, told some years ago of E. A. Sothern, the actor, is going the rounds again. Upon a certain evening he was invited to two entertainments, one for children and the other a reception for grown people. Fond of children, Sothern decided to go to the party given for the little ones, and, thinking it would be a great joke to go into the parlor on all fours and roaring like a bear, he did so, much to the amusement of the guests and his own subsequent unhappiness, for, once in the middle of the room, he looked up and saw that he had made a mistake in the house, and had played bear for the grown people and not for the children.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Glass brushes are used by the artists who decorate china.

A single bee collects only a teaspoonful of honey during a season.

Silver money two hundred and fifty years old is still in circulation in Spain.

The city of Melbourne has lost forty thousand inhabitants in two years and a half.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

Wealthy people in Japan regard it as undignified to ride a horse faster that at a walk.

Mexico is regarded as the most productive country in the world. In most parts two crops are possible each year.

It is estimated that greater quantities of gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on earth.

Indian wrestlers and athletes train on a diet consisting chiefly of milk, with a little goat's flesh, and plenty of farinaceous food.

In Tokio there are 800 public bath-houses, in which a person can take either a hot or cold bath for a sum equal to one half-penny.

In France, if a structural defect in a bicycle causes an injury to the person using it, the manufacturer is legally accountable for damages.

The theory is advanced by Marvin R. Clark in his book, "Pussy and Her Language," that the cat has a language which may readily be acquired by men.

Sir Edward Braddon, a new authority on big game in India, says that the elephant is revengeful, treacherous and, with a few exceptions an arrant coward.

A dozen or more structures have recently been planned in New York that will cost more than a million each, and some of which will be 24 stories high.

Hull House, Chicago, has opened a circulating picture gallery. At present it consists of 50 framed reproductions of some of the finest paintings extant.

The total weight of the latest electric locomotive constructed is 134,000 pounds. It is intended to use it experimentally in switching and handling heavy freight.

The humming bird, in protecting its young, always flies at and pecks the eyes of its adversary. Crows have been found totally blind from the humming bird's bill.

[illegible] by the Koran; hence popular tales are not put in writing among Mohammedans, but are passed from one story-teller to another.

A French medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

The Connecticut Legislature recently appointed a committee to choose a State flag. It has been discovered that no flag of the kind has ever been officially adopted by the Nutmeg State.

Where the bottom of the ocean is hard an ocean cable will frequently last only three or four years, but on good bottom wire taken up after 20 years has been found almost as good as ever.

In 1787 Dr. Hickel, at Wurzburg, lighted his house with a gas made from the dry distillation of bones. He discontinued his experiments because he was suspected of sorcery and feared trouble.

A bill has been introduced in the Florida Legislature making it a punishable offence for any school, public or private, in the State to allow white and colored pupils to be educated together.

A novelty in bicycles is shown in the window of a New York dealer. Its entire frame, including the handles, and, in fact, every part, save the saddle, spokes and tires, is of iron, cast in imitation of the branches of trees with the bark left on.

The bread-and-butter tree, which is found near the French settlement on the Gaboon, yields a fatty substance called cayoy, resembling butter, and a grain containing 80 per cent. of fatty matter, from which very nourishing bread is made.

An undertaker, it is said, will no longer be known as an "undertaker and embalmer." In the future he will be known as "morticlan." This was decided on at the second day's meeting of the Funeral Directors' Association of Kentucky, which was held in Euclid Hall.

It is now said that the insignificant mortality of the Japanese in battle during the recent war was partly due to their wearing a quantity of floss silk under their outer clothing as a protection against the cold. It is said to have acted in many cases as a bullet-proof shield.

While the little village of Babylon, L. I., has presumed to legislate against the bicycle, the Parliament of Belgium has taken official cognisance of the wheel. It has established a system for checking and taking care of the wheels of those of its members who have adopted this means of riding to and from the Houses of Parliament.

WITH THE PAST.

BY M. H. S.

Think you ever of the silence—
  Silence sweeter far than speech—
That stole o'er us as Love drew us
  Closer, trembling, each to each?
Oh the years that I had waited
  For a moment such as this!
Stretching out vain arms to clasp thee,
  Thrilling 'neath thy phantom kiss.

Am I waking? am I dreaming?
  Has that bygone day come back?
Nay! 'tis only Memory straying
  O'er the dear old beaten track!

ABOUT THE MIRAGE.

This is the name applied to certain optical illusions due to the curving of rays of light as they pass through the atmosphere. The illusory appearance may take one or other of three forms; objects may simply seem very much elevated; or they may be elevated and inverted; or, lastly, they may seem depressed and inverted.

Because rays usually travel in straight lines, we cannot see round corners, nor can we see objects below the horizon; but sometimes, because of the peculiar state of the atmosphere, the rays of light are so bent that when they reach the eye they make distant objects seem in a higher position than they actually are. In this way, bodies that are really below the horizon may seem elevated above it, and though at a great distance, may thus become visible.

This sort of thing is usually seen across water, and among nautical men it is known as "looming." Not unfrequently, objects that "loom" seem unusually near, and are magnified vertically, so as to appear like spires or columns.

But it is in tropical seas that the most remarkable instances have occurred. A good many years ago, a pilot in Mauritius reported that he had seen a vessel which turned out to be two hundred miles off. The incident caused a good deal of discussion in nautical circles; and, strange to say, a seemingly well-authenticated case of the same kind occurred afterwards at Aden. A pilot there announced that he had seen from the heights the Bombay steamer then nearly due. He stated precisely the direction in which he saw her, and added that her head was not then turned towards the port. This caused some alarm, and a steamer lying in the harbor was sent out to tow in the vessel supposed to be disabled. It cruised about in the direction indicated for a whole day without success; but two days afterwards, the missing steamer entered the port; and it was found, on inquiries, that at the time mentioned by the pilot she was exactly in the direction and position indicated by him, but about two hundred miles off. To prove that there is no hallucination in statements like these, evidence would be required as conclusive as that needed to establish the reality of the great sea-serpent.

Sometimes, however, objects are not only elevated but inverted. This appearance is very common in Polar seas, the inversion being due to the rays from the lower part of the distant object being more bent than those from the upper part. Sailors see it best from a lofty position, such as the mast-head.

A well known case occurred off the coast of Greenland in 1822, when Captain Scoresby was made aware of the nearness of his father's ship by recognizing its inverted image in the sky. And in 1854 the whole English fleet of nineteen sail was seen as if suspended in the air upside down by those on board H. M. S. "Archer," cruising fifty miles away, off Oesel in the Baltic. It is not unusual to see two or three different horizons with images of a distant vessel alternately inverted and upright.

Cold heavy air over water is just as it were in the opposite condition from warm light air over a sandy desert; hence, in the latter case rays are bent in the opposite direction, and seem to come from an object below the real one. So that in the mirage of the desert the observer sees the distant object directly through the uniform part of the air between himself and it, and he likewise sees an inverted image below as if caused by reflection in a sheet of water. Indeed, travelers across the desert have often been cheated by the appearance.

The mirage can be seen nearly every day in the plains of Lower Egypt, and also to a limited extent in the plains of Hungary and Southern France. Now and then something of the kind can be seen in summer by stooping down and looking along the sandy coasts of Morecambe Bay and of Devonshire, or over the Fen district, at that season dried up by the summer heat.

DRUM-BEATING EXTRAORDINARY.—Probably the most remarkable drummer who ever lived was Jean Henri, the famous tambour-major of the Emperor Napoleon, who some sixty years since gave an exhibition of his wonderful talents at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

One of his feats was to play on fifteen differently toned drums at the same time in so soft and harmonious a manner that, instead of the deafening uproar that might have been expected, the effect was that of a novel and complete instrument.

Another trick of his was to throw twenty-eight drumsticks into the air in all directions and then to catch them in a peculiar manner under his arms and between his legs.

Of his playing we are told that he passed from one drum to the other with such wonderful quickness that the eyes of the spectators could hardly follow the movements of his hands and body.

SIGNS OF REFORM.—The German army has long been notorious for the brutal manner in which the private soldiers were treated by the non-commissioned and other officers. The system was inaugurated by the Great Frederick, and the military authorities since his day seemed unwilling to allow it to die out. Happily the present Emperor seems determined to have none of it. His imperial rescript on the subject forbidding any officer to strike his men made some sensation when it was issued, though it was commonly said in army circles that it would soon be a dead letter. A few recent cases prove the contrary. A well-known officer was dismissed from the service with ignominy for the offence of striking a man in the ranks, the Emperor personally endorsing the order for his dismissal with a severe and cutting remark. Not long back, too, at Breslau a sergeant who was charged with ill-treating a soldier was tried for the offence by a council of war, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress, and when his sentence has expired he is to rejoin his regiment as a soldier of the second class.

Grains of Gold.

The most costly thing in this world is sin.

Before we can do much good we must be good.

Men with no faults are not apt to have many friends.

Faultfinding is a roundabout way of praising self.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Example with children will always outweigh advice.

Doing a wrong thing with a good motive does not make it right.

The only medicine which does women more good than harm is dress.

Very often love of money is only another name for love of the devil.

The man who speaks the truth in love will always speak to some purpose.

The man who knows himself well is well acquainted with many other people.

Some people never find out that there is joy in giving, because they never give enough.

Only the wise can profit by the experience of others. A fool has to find out for himself that fire is hot.

Femininities.

A woman is like tar—melt her and she will take any form you please.

Some people spend time enough crying over spilled milk to buy a whole cow.

A society for the suppression of scandal has just been organized in the ancient city of Insterburg.

Teacher, to new boy: "Billy, are you not fond of robins, with their cheerful songs?" Billy: "Yes; but I can't never hit th' derned things."

"Now, Tommy, you must remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive." "Yes, I know, mamma," said Tommy. "But I ain't selfish."

"And your husband isn't angry because you want to go to the country for two months?" "Not at all—he is really glad." "Then I wouldn't go."

Six months after marriage: "Weel, weel, Sandy, how d'ye like the little laddy?" "Ah, weel, Alec, I'll nae deny that she has fine conversational powers."

Jones: "I hear that you have a good organ at your lodgings. Do you know how many stops it has?" She: "Only about three a day and those are not long ones."

Hobson: "Don't you think that Martin girl is frightfully dull?" Johnson: "Well, hardly. You should have seen the way she cut me on the avenue yesterday."

Friend: "And you are very happy?" Bride: "Very. Almost every day I hear of some other girl who would have jumped at the chance to marry my husband."

In a country churchyard this epitaph may be seen: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath, "Their warfare is accomplished."

"Anna, your lover was again in the kitchen till 11 o'clock last night. I cannot allow that any more." "I, too, have been thinking if we couldn't have supper a little earlier."

Mrs. Cumso: "Oh, how my head aches!" Mr. Cumso, absorbed in his newspaper. "Why don't you have it pulled?" Mrs. Cumso: "It's my head, I said." Mr. Cumso, still absorbed: "Have it filled, then."

In a recent address before a women's meeting in San Francisco the Rev. Anna Shaw, of Boston, advocated the appointment of women on police boards, and expressed the belief that such a policy would promote good morals.

Eulalia, sentimentally: "Oh, no; I never so desire for great wealth. I should be very happy as the wife of a noble brandwiner." George, practically: "And I should be happy, very happy, as the husband of a good brandmaker." She concluded to learn.

Little Johnny: "Mrs. Talkemdown paid a big compliment to me to-day." Mother: "Did she really? Well, there's no denying that a woman has sense. What did she say?" Little Johnny: "She said she didn't see how you came to such a nice little boy as I am."

The Atlanta, Ga., Board of Education has reinstated Miss Laura Morgan, one of the principals of the Girls' High School in that city, whose position was forfeited by marrying her sick lover to nurse him. In addition, the bride has been granted one month's leave of absence, with full pay, to enjoy her honeymoon.

At a certain fashionable watering-place lately a lady was about to sing her favorite piece to a select party, when one of the company whispered to a neighbor, "You may say of Miss P— — as they said of Albani, that she has swallowed a nightingale." "Yes," was the equally low reply; "but you must add that she has not digested it."

Doctor Johnson, though ill-qualified, either by the habits of his life or the inclinations of his mind, to compliment the ladies, one day clasped the hand of a lady, remarkable for its symmetry and whiteness. Smiling, as she withdrew it, he said, "You have sometimes reproached me with the vanity of giving preference to my own works; is it not a full confutation of the charge to declare, that this is the finest work that ever came out of my hands!"

As a tribute to the memory of Marie Antoinette, a large number of French ladies who are loyal to the Bourbon cause have founded a League of Mercy in Paris. The well-known Duchess D'Uzes is at the head of the League, always devoting two days a week to visiting the hospitals where the worst cases are received. There she undertakes all the duties of a nurse in relieving the pain of the sufferers, her example being followed by the other members of the League who are drawn from the best families in France.

A gentleman at Scarborough, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. "Why, how remarkable that we should have recognized each other at such a distance!" exclaimed both, in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.

Masculinities.

Hobson: "De Tanque seems to be practising economy." Jobson: "He only gets half full nowadays."

The gentleman who wished to make a purchase, and was unable to obtain change, was obliged to change his mind.

Who can say that science shall not some day retrace the portrait of Alexander on the rock where his shadow rested a moment?

"Great reforms are seldom accomplished without bloodshed," was the consoling thought of the man who decided to do his own shaving.

There is many an amiable young man who flatters himself that he is a devil of a fellow simply because he goes about with a cloven breath.

The recent double lynching at Danville, Ill., was participated in by a man from Montana, who claims to have taken part in fifty-four lynchings.

Rev. Dr. Newton Sprague and Hon. Merrit Clark, neighbors in Poultney, Vt., are 93 years old. They both enjoy excellent health and mentally bright.

Old gentleman: "My, my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should not like men." Boy: "Boo, hoo! Then I'd get licked for swearin'."

The King of the Belgians makes only one appearance at public worship in the course of the year. This is on the day which commemorates his accession to the throne.

A darky philosopher says: "I has noticed that all great men retains in arter life de early impressions of childhood. De scar hoch is whar my forder hit me wid a brickbat."

That temperance society at Danbury, Conn., which is composed of young women who have pledged themselves not to marry any man who touches liquor, has a membership of 400.

Hermann Boerhaave, the illustrious scientist and physician who accumulated a fortune estimated at 2,000,000 florins, said the poor were his best patients, because God paid him for them.

Tommy: "Pop, what's the difference between being eccentric and being just plain, every day crazy?" Tommy's Pop: "Well, it's usually the difference between a rich man and a poor one."

Bismarck has been decorated with fifty-one orders. He has every decoration that the German Emperor can bestow except that of the Friedensklasse, established by Frederick the Great.

A white marble swimming bath, 40 by 20 feet and 8 feet in depth, is to be constructed for the Russian Empress in the palace at St. Petersburg. She likes to take a plunge every morning.

A greater number of men than of women become stout late in life. No satisfactory explanation is offered of this fact, unless it be that the women are kept thin worrying about the men.

"How do you like your new neighbor, Mr. Snook?" "He's a most charming man. Why, last evening he listened to me explaining my evolution theories for two hours and never chipped in a word."

Signor Crispi's safety is constantly watched over by an Inspector of Police. Recently in descending from the Minister's carriage the Inspector fell to the ground. His fall caused his revolver to explode and he was shot in the foot.

When a man, says one who has experienced it, is in the act of lifting his hat to a lady whom he supposes is an acquaintance, it requires some tact to make believe that he is only scratching his head when he discovers that the lady is a stranger.

The Paris dressmaker, Doucet, who recently gave a Mrs. Laris credit for 11,000 francs' worth of dresses in two years, has had his bill cut down to 600 francs by the Courts on the ground that he had no right to be a party to an extravagance beyond the means of his customer.

Dr. Hanson, of Brooklyn, recently pulled an eye tooth which measured 1 9/16 inches in length. Dr. Hanson took the tooth to New York, and several dentists admitted that it was the largest human tooth they had ever seen; and one dentist went so far as to offer $100 for the tooth. Dr. Hanson refused to part with his prize.

Byron Sturtevant, a grocer, of Port Clyde, Me., is said to be the most obliging man in Maine. Recently one of his neighbors wanted his horse for the day. Mr. Sturtevant needed the horse in his delivery wagon, but he could not say no to his neighbor, so let him have the horse, and wheeled his groceries about town on a wheelbarrow, going in some cases as much as a mile.

A well-known Boston character frequently figured on juries. When the twelve had retired to their room to deliberate, he would button up his coat and "turn in" on a bench, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I'm for bringing in a verdict for the plaintiff (or defendant, as he had settled in his mind), and all creation can't move me. Therefore, as soon as you are all agreed with me, wake me up, and we'll go in."

Latest Fashion Phases.

The stock collar has a rival. It is made of silk or satin and veiled with mousseline de soie, which is shaped like a turned-down collar, and trimmed with two narrow frills of yellow Valenciennes lace. This collar is much more dainty than the stock and is a charming and becoming finish to any bodice.

Another new idea is the satin collar, trimmed with rows of Valenciennes lace. Black or mauve satin collars, with yellow lace arranged to forme two points in front, are both new and pretty.

To be worn with gingham, or, in fact, any of the cotton dresses, there are deep collars of mull, trimmed with embroidery. They are made to form a yoke and epaulettes, and are convenient because they launder easily and so freshen up a gown. Some of these broad collars are edged with two rows of braiding, through which narrow ribbons are run. The effect is pretty when the ribbons contrast well with the color of the gown.

A novel toilette is in silk glace, spotted with dots and rings. The skirt hangs in many godet folds, is ungarnished at the edge, but is adorned at either side of the front by four butterfly bows of fine lace.

The full blouse is of ecru batiste, mounted on a square yoke of fine lace, the yoke being surrounded by bands of guipure lace cabochoune with turquoises. Each corner of the yoke is embellished by a chou of fine lace, while full bretelles of the same terminate in points falling over the top of the skirt.

The straight belt and high rolling collar are of velvet, the latter adorned at the back by a large butterfly bow of fine lace. The immense bishop sleeves of silk are gathered into a band of guipure at the wrist.

The large hat is of fancy black straw, trimmed with plumes and chiffon, and the parasol is of silk, garnished with lace and roses.

Gowns of linen with a corsage of taffeta are very chic. As an example may be quoted a gown in white linen, with insertions of lace forming bayadere stripes worn over a transparent of turquoise taffeta. The blouse and sleeves are composed of the turquoise taffeta, with entire deux of lace.

An original gown of white batiste was adorned with Chantilly lace and with chous of [illegible] velvet.

Next to linen and batiste may be mentioned the toilettes of fine muslins, patterned with tiny bouquets. These are trimmed with little ruffles of muslin doubled by little ruffles of taffeta, the whole arranged in designs on the bottom of the skirt in waves, in points or at a zigzag. The corsage is of taffeta, covered with muslin, with a berthe of lace, and large, puffed sleeves of taffeta.

Millinery continues to develop startling and picturesque varieties, which are distinguished chiefly for their incongruous combination of colors and indiscriminate assortment of material, so the really tastefully trimmed hat is the exception, not the rule. Three or four different colors appear on one bonnet, and jetted net, chiffon, flowers and feathers on a straw hat are some of the familiar evidences of ingenuity.

Hats which will appear later in the season at the summer resorts are gigantic flyaway structures turned up at one side, or with the wide brim slashed in front and turned back like lapels, and are trimmed very wide or very high on one side, or at the back, with feathers or flowers, or both. Wide ribbon in plain satin or Dresden patterns is a decided feature of hat trimmings, and it is made into a wide spreading double bow set on in front of the crown of a medium wide straight-brimmed hat. This sort of hat in butter-colored straw, with a wide black satin bow and one little bunch of violets tucked down at one side, is charmingly simple and a relief from the many weird mixtures.

Ostrich feathers are very much worn arranged to stand straight and high and drooping over the hair. All sorts of wings, made of lace, jet or steel, are as popular as they were in the winter, and sometimes as many as three pairs are seen on one small toque. Chiffon wings, edged around with one row of tiny jet beads and another of sequins, are exceedingly airy and effective. The latest novelty in flowers consists of tulips made of tiny points of cream lace with deep yellow centres.

The new straws are soft, glossy and loosely plaited, often mixed with silk, and come in all the palest tints, as well as the brightest colors. Butter color is perhaps the most popular and becoming. Extreme width is the special feature of the sunbonnets, and wing like appendages of jet, lace, ribbon or flowers are necessary to fashionable headgear. One stylish bonnet of shot green and black has a wired black lace bow with jet loops on either side and mauve orchids and an aigrette for additional trimming. A Napoleon hat in burnt straw is trimmed with black tips, black satin ribbon and paste buckles.

Toques have fluted edges, and are rather pointed in front. One of red satin-like straw has a large red poppy made of finely plaited gauze standing up in the centre for a crown, and a large black velvet bow at the back. Black straw hats are trimmed with bows of wide colored satin ribbon for young girls, green being a very popular shade, and broad black hats, for middle-aged women to wear in midsummer, are adorned with pink roses and black feathers, and the brims are covered with cream lace.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT SOME AFTERNOON TEA DAINTIES.

Sardine Sandwiches.—Take some sardines, carefully extracting the bone and draining off any superfluous oil; pound them in a mortar with a drop or two of vinegar and a dash of pepper. Spread this paste between thinly cut buttered brown bread. See that the edges of the sandwiches are nicely trimmed. Always use a very sharp knife and see that the bread is not too new. For those who like anchovy, another way is to pound a dozen sardines, one anchovy one ounce of butter, some mustard, cress and capers together, add a dash of cayenne, a drop of vinegar and spread between brown bread and butter.

Jelly Sandwich.—A quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three eggs, three-quarters of a teacupful of milk and a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, put in the eggs, one by one, beating between each, then add the milk, flour and powder. Spread on well-buttered jelly cake tins and bake ten minutes in a good oven. When half cool, spread between either jam or lemon preserve, lay together, press gently, and with a sharp knife cut into neat pieces, and ice on top or not as desired. Plain icing is most suitable, made with icing sugar and water. The lemon preserve is made by stirring in a pan two ounces of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, three eggs, beaten, the juice and grated rind of two small lemons; let it boil slowly a minute or two, turn into a jelly mould and use when cold. This preserve keeps some little time, and delicious lemon cheese cakes are made, by lining tartlet tins with puff paste or short crust, putting a spoonful of the preserve in the centre and baking till the crust is ready.

Lincoln Sandwich.—Chop some sardines very fine, add some grated or chopped ham; mix with a little bit of butter, chopped pickles, mustard and pepper to taste, and place between white bread and butter.

Salmon Sandwiches are made of potted salmon (home made for preference) spread between white bread and butter.

Then there are so many "potted meats" to be had in small tins, such as the excellent "Strasbourg," "potted game," "chicken and ham" and "pate de foie gras," that innumerable changes can be rung. Then if there are any scraps of cold meat, chicken or ham in the larder too small for other use, they can be utilised by being pounded or passed through a mincing machine, seasoned to taste, and made into dainty sandwiches, either white or brown bread ones.

Hard boiled eggs, finely chopped, and cress, make together very nice "bites;" also cress alone, well washed and picked and used with brown bread and lettuces, washed in well salted water, rolled in thinly-cut, well buttered white bread, are very dainty and much relished.

And now having given, I hope, a large enough selection of the more solid part of the tea, let me pass on to the cakes, etc., which are none the less relished by the sterner sex, and many of whom have a "sneaking regard" for the "sweets of life!"

Hot tea-cakes are or should be always a feature of "five o'clock tea," and no 1 will give a few of the best of them.

Athole Teacakes.—Rub into half a pound of flour a quarter of a pound of butter, add one ounce of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat up one egg, and add it, with as much milk as will make a nice firm paste, to the dry ingredients. Work on the board a very little and roll out half an inch thick, cut into round cakes and bake on a floured tin in a very quick oven for ten minutes; split and butter while hot, and serve at once. They are also good cold with butter.

Brown Scones.—Three cups of wheaten flour, one cup of white, three cups of milk, two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter, a little sugar, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of baking soda. Mix all dry ingredients together, rub in the butter and mix in a paste with the milk; roll quickly, cut into small round scones, and bake on a flat tin. Eaten either hot or cold, split open and buttered.

Drop Scones.—Two cup of flour put into a basin with two tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda; mix well with a wooden spoon, then into the centre break one egg and add enough buttermilk to make a moderately thick batter; beat it briskly for a minute, then let it stand till the "griddle" is quite hot, grease it well, then drop the batter in small spoonfuls, as round as you can keep them; when brown; slip a knife under them and turn quickly. Butter and place them in "twos" and keep in the oven till all are ready; serve hot. Practice will enable you to judge of the right thickness to make the batter, you can easily add a little more milk should the first scone seem too thick: they should just spread a little, when dropped on the griddle, which should be buttered between each lot of scones, to prevent them sticking.

Soda Scones.—Soda scones are very good and have the advantage of being just as good the "second day" cold and well buttered as freshly made. One pound of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, one heaped teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half the quantity of soda, stir all together, then add, mixing with a knife, enough buttermilk to make a soft lithe dough.

Work on the board a little, then roll out quickly, cut into round or three cornered scones and bake on a clean griddle, turning when a pale brown. A few minutes in the oven after they are taken from the griddle ensures them being thoroughly well baked. A sweet milk variety of these can be made by adding to the above quantities of flour, soda and tartar, a spoonful of fine sugar, two ounces of butter rubbed in, and enough sweet milk to make rather a firmer dough [illegible] can either be baked on a griddle [illegible] on floured tins in the oven. Now I shall pass on to the sweet cakes and biscuits.

Genoa Cakes.—Beat six ounces of sugar, with the same quantity of butter to a cream, add three eggs, beating well between each, then sift in six ounces of flour and one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder: beat a very little, just sufficient to mix well, and put into a well buttered, shallow, square tin, and at once place in a good oven to bake for about ten or fifteen minutes; take out when ready, lay on sieve to cool, then cut into any size you like. Make chocolate icing by mixing equal quantities (say four ounces) of icing sugar and grated chocolate, add a few drops of vanilla, and about one to one and a half tablespoonfuls of warm water; beat smooth, hold to the fire a minute, then with the blade of a knife wetted in boiling water, spread each cake evenly with the icing and set in a warm place to firm. You can vary the icing by using the icing sugar plain and adding any flavoring, or else color it pink; a great many changes can be made and give scope for ingenuity, while icing can be ornamented with chocolate or the pink, and vice versa.

Toscane Cakes.—Beat together three ounces of butter and half a pound of desiccated cocoanut, add three ounces of castor sugar, same of creme de riz; beat together for five minutes, then break in three eggs and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Butter some small tartlet tins, dust them inside with sugar, and put small spoonfuls of the mixture in and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. These are delicious little morsels.

Shoes.—In buying shoes it is well to remember that the feet are one third of an inch longer when the body is standing than when seated, and the elongation is further increased when walking, for the weight is then thrown entirely on one foot at each alternate step; so that in choosing one's boots it is absolutely necessary that an allowance should be made for this. The shortness may not be felt at once, but after a few weeks it becomes very manifest, and, moreover, by forcing the great toe back it is apt to produce a bunion on the joint.

Put a little spermaceti, lard or kerosene in the boiled starch and borax in the cold, and your linen will be both stiff and glossy.

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Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness.
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO. 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

HISTORICAL PHRASES.

WE have preserved to us many historical sayings of famous or well-known personages, uttered in times of action or on some important occasion. Some of these serve as landmarks of history; some have passed into proverbs; while others have supplied us with convenient phrases, used without regard to their original motive. Of these last, we have an example from ancient history. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, after a long and obstinately contested engagement, defeated the Romans in the battle of Heraclea. As he viewed the battle-field, where a large number of his best officers and men had fallen, he exclaimed, "Another such victory, and we are undone!"—a sentiment which has been echoed more than once in modern wars.

There is another well-known saying of Cæsar Augustus, equally applicable to modern times. Hermann, or Arminius, a German chief high in favor with the Romans, became disgusted with the oppression exercised by Quintilius Varus, the Roman Governor. He induced Varus to advance his army beyond the Rhine, where he suffered a disastrous defeat near Lippe, three legions, with all the auxiliaries, being cut off. Augustus, when he heard of it, was overwhelmed with grief, and exclaimed, "Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!"

One of the most famous historical mots is that attributed to Louis XIV. when seventeen years of age. The President of the French Parliament, speaking of the interests of the State, was interrupted by the king with, "L'Etat, c'est moi!" Another version of the saying is, that Louis interrupted a judge who used the expression, "The king and the State," by saying, "I am the State!" No authentic record of the saying exists, and it is discredited by modern French historians, being regarded as merely symbolical of the king's policy—that of absolute monarchy.

A remarkable utterance was that of the notorious Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. One day, as La Tour was engaged in painting the lady's portrait, Louis entered the room in a state of great dejection. He had just received news of the battle of Rossbach, in which Frederick the Great had inflicted a disastrous defeat on the combined forces of France and Austria. Madame de Pompadour bade him not lose his spirits, because he would fall ill; and, besides, it was no matter—"After us, the deluge." Prophetic utterance!

"All is lost save honor!" was the announcement, in a condensed form, of Francis I. in a letter to his mother after the defeat of Pavia. Napoleon used the same expression after the battle Waterloo. On his arrival at the Elysee, three days after the battle, Caulaincourt exclaimed, "All is lost!"—"Except honor," added Napoleon.

The French Revolution gave us a saying which has become a proverb. Marmontel was one day regretting the excesses of the Revolution, when Chamfort, the French satirist, asked him, "Do you think that Revolutions are made with rose water?" Another phrase which owed its birth to the Revolution, and which will be inseparable from it, was that of Madame Roland. As she was being led to execution, she passed a statue of Liberty, erected by the Revolutionists. Looking at it intently, she exclaimed, "O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

At the battle of Fontenoy occurred a well-known instance of politeness on the part of the English and French Guards, which, it is almost needless to say, could only have happened in those ceremonious times. The two battalions of opposing Guards were about to join in conflict, when the English commander advanced, and, saluting the French commander, exclaimed, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!" The French officer, not to be outdone in politeness, returned the salute, and replied, "After you, gentlemen; the French Guards never fire first!" Upon which the English gentlemen, thinking further ceremony needless, fired, with such effect as to put nearly nine hundred of the French gentlemen hors-de-combat. Somewhat costly politeness for them.

Wellington did not stand on ceremony when he gave his celebrated order at Waterloo, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" This phrase has been the accepted form of the order, although the Duke afterwards said he did not remember using such words. The Guards were lying down beyond the crest of the hill, to escape the French fire; and when the enemy was almost close upon them, Wellington said he very probably gave some such order as, "Stand up, Guards!" Be that as it may, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" has become a household word; and so it will likely remain.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

THE Catholic Church does not recognize divorce, and holds that nothing but death can terminate a marriage contracted under its rites.

In Scotland, any minister can perform the marriage ceremony without the attendance of the civil officer. Indeed, under the Scottish law, the consent of the parties alone is sufficient to constitute marriage, so long as there are proper witnesses present. The Registrar-General of marriages in Scotland recently stated that these "irregular marriages," as they are technically called, are on the increase, although some people do not regard them with approval because of the absence of the religious ceremony.

In Nonconformist churches the ceremony varies according to the discretion of the officiating minister, but, as a rule, the essential part of the Church of England service is closely followed. A prominent Unitarian minister, however, states that he has never taken the slightest notice "of anyone who might wish to do anything so preposterous as to give away the bride," and that, as far as he can remember, he has never asked the bride to promise to obey her husband.

The marriage ceremony amongst the Quakers in England is of the very simplest description; but the Society of Friends take the strictest precautions to prevent, as far as possible, imprudent or ill advised marriages. Indeed, their "Counsel as to Marriage" is a most elaborate document, warning their members against contracting marriages for the sake of gain, and pointing out that the real enjoyment of life is far more effectually secured by contentment, with simple habits, and by a mode of living which entails no anxiety or risk. Friends are also recommended to avoid and discountenance very early proceedings in regard to marriage after the death of husband or wife.

As regards the ceremony itself, notice of the intended marriage has to be given to the superintendent-registrar of the district, and the parties have also "to hand a declaration to the clerk of the [illegible] Monthly Meeting of Friends" to the effect that they purpose to become man and wife, and that they are clear of any other marriage engagement. The announcement is formally made at the Monthly Meeting, and if no objection is lodged and the necessary certificate is produced from the registrar, the marriage is proceeded with. The ceremony generally takes place in a meeting-house which the woman usually attends, due notice having been given.

"After a reasonable time" the parties stand up, and, taking each other by the hand, declare to the following effect, the man speaking first;—

"Friends, I take this my friend—— to be my wife, promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us."

Then the woman makes a similar declaration, and the ceremony is complete.

The rules of the Society of Friends discountenance anything in the shape of outward show; and it is recommended that in marriage ceremonies there should be neither in the attire of the parties themselves, nor in that of their relatives or friends, any display unbecoming to Christian worshippers.

Not the least interesting, and certainly one of the most elaborate forms of marriage, is the Jewish ceremony. When a Jew is about to marry, marriage articles are drawn up and signed by him and the relations of the bride, after which the Ritual prescribes that he shall pay her a formal visit and take her hand before witnesses, saying—

"Be thou my spouse."

On the wedding day they dress with all the splendor and magnificence their circumstances will allow, and the bride is conducted to the house at which the festivities are to take place. There she, being at first in a state of disorder, with bare head and tangled hair, is attended by several married women and maidens, who comb and curl her hair and put on her veil—for in this she imitates Rebecca, who covered her face when Isaac cast his eyes upon her.

During the ceremony there must be present ten men at least, or the marriage is null and void. The bride and bridegroom are placed under a canopy called a "Chuppah," a "Taled" is on their heads, which has little tufts hanging down from the corners, and after music has been played before them, a Rabbi, or a Reader of the Synagogue, or some near relation, takes a glass filled with wine, which he blesses and hands to them to quaff. The bride then walks three times round the bridegroom, and he does the same twice round her, after which he places the ring upon her finger and says—

"Thou art satisfied" (or wedded) "to me with this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel."

Then follows the reading of the marriage articles, in which he promises to love, honor, cherish, and live peaceably with her all the days of his life. More wine is next brought, in a new vessel, and both having drank for the second time, the residue of the wine is thrown to the ground.

The bridegroom afterwards takes the empty glass and throws it to the floor, smashing it to pieces. This is done that they may remember death, which dashes them to pieces like brittle glass. It also signifies the marriage being dissolved, as until the atoms can be re-united, the bride and bridegroom cannot separate; and it is again emblematic of the destruction of Jerusalem.

At the smashing of the glass the persons present cry out—"May it prove propitious!" and this terminates the marriage ceremony.

CLASSES OF MANKIND.—There are two classes of mankind, two great classes, into which mankind may be divided; those whose model of conduct is the general conduct of society in which they live. Their opinions and judgments are formed and directed according to the opinions and judgments of others; they are mere imitators, not originators; and are not earnest and sincere in what they profess and practise. The other, who derive their principles, not from the fashionable dicta of the world, nor the ruling doctrines of the age, but from the idea of truth within their own minds; who, though "the sun was on their right hand and the moon on the left," would not be divested from the genuine convictions of their conscience. They look not to the flickering glare of public opinion, but to the unmistakable light of truth. From these have sprung all that humanity has of what is great and noble; all those have sacrificed on the altar of truth; in religion, the martyrs; in philosophy, the sages; in politics, the devoted patriots. They do not despise opinions because the world despises them, nor do they honor them because the world does them honor; they do not ebb and flow with the tide of public opinion.

L. G. W.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.—A leading English prelate some time ago invited to his hospitable mansion in London a country rector, an old friend, from one of the remote provinces. The simple-minded gentleman came about five o'clock, having a notion that he should arrive about the dinner hour. Soon after he had taken his seat tea was brought round. "Well," thought the rector, "this is bare living at any rate; if I had known, I would have had a beefsteak at a chop house before I came; but I hardly expected a bishop would dine at one o'clock. Is it a fast day, I wonder?" He drank his tea, however, and said nothing. About half-past seven o'clock his bed candle was placed in his hand, and he was conducted to his sleeping-room. "Call you this London?" he soliloquized; "why, I should have fared far better at Silverton. I should have had my comfortable mutton-chop and my glass of beer at nine o'clock, and I should have been in bed at ten, well fed and contented. But here I am half starved in the midst of splendor, as hungry as a hunter, almost ready to devour my blanket, like the boa constrictor—ha, ha—and where everything looks so grand! Well, fine furniture won't make a man fat. Give me some substantial victuals, and you may take the gilding." Soliloquizing in this fashion he undressed himself, pulled over his ears his cotton nightcap, "with a tassel on the top," as the song says, and crept into bed, coiling himself up comfortably; and, being of a forgiving temper, he soon forgot his troubles, and sank into his first sleep as sweetly as a "Christian child;" when, lo! after a while bells began to ring, and a smart knock at his door resounds through his room, and a voice is heard saying—"Dinner is on the table, sir!" The old gentleman awoke in considerable confusion, not knowing whether it was to-day or to-morrow; and, according to the most authentic account, he appeared shortly after at the dinner table, though in a somewhat ruffled condition as relates to his wardrobe, and mentally in a haze of uncertainty as to the day of the week and the meal he was eating.

A WIFE'S HAPPINESS.—No married woman can be happy if her husband does not appear to regard and honor her as well as actually to do so. The order of flirts have a certain article of faith which comforts them mightily—this is, that a man's wife is always the least interesting woman in the room to him. If he does not know this, she does; and some act of graceful courtesy, some little word or motion, nothing in itself perhaps, but indicative of the tenderness he feels for her, gives the good wife a moment of triumph so innocent and sweet that no one should begrudge it to her. A careless word, a little forgetfulness, quite pardonable or even unnoticed when they are alone, gives pain when watchful eyes, anxious to find a flaw in their wedded happiness, are upon the two who are bound for life to each other. But men are singular creatures. Generally it is at exactly such a moment that a husband chooses to give her the only sharp word he utters, or to say something, quite unconsciously, which would lead any one to accredit them with a multitude of quarrels and bickerings. He does not know what he has done; she does, and it does not improve her temper. Whatever may be said to the contrary, men generally love their wives better than all the other women they know put together. Those who have the grace to show this delicately to others are loved the best by women.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—When stoning raisins, instead of using water to cleanse the knife use flour; keep a saucer with flour in at your side and dip the knife in it occasionally. You will be surprised to find how much quicker and more pleasantly your work will be done.

Always have your meat well washed before it is cooked. It not only removes all impurities of dirt, but also washes away the blood, which is indigestible, unwholesome, and a means of conveying disease. In the law of Moses it was specially enjoined upon the Israelites that they were not to eat blood in any form, and modern science teaches us that disease is conveyed from animals to men in this way.

Your cook will probably tell you that meat will not roast or fry if wet, but there is no reason why it should be left so; it should be afterwards dried in a cloth and thickly floured. Only do not wash any meat if it is to be used. It must not be put away wet.

Always keep a lump of whiting in the house, in case of burns or scalds. It is a marvellous healer, if applied at once wet and kept moistened; plaster the burnt or scalded place with it in the consistency of cream, and renew it as fast as it dries. It cools and relieves the pain, and when cured leaves no mark.

THE INDIAN.—Among the many things that the Western Indian has learned from the animals of the forests and the plains is the art of concealing himself behind something not so big as himself—that is, of so placing himself behind some small natural object and making himself look so much like a part of it that none but the sharpest eye would make him out.

$100.00 Given Away Every Month

to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month.

WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

It's the Simple Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOUR talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try?

☞ Write for further information and mention this paper.

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Philip W. Avirett, Gen. Mgr.,

618 F Street Northwest,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞ The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by nearly two thousand of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Humorous.

A kiss is like a bath
That you take from the river—
You can take and take and take
And take 'em on forever,
And still there's just as many
As if you hadn't taken any.

High time—A church clock.

A week conclusion—Saturday night.

Hint to idle doctors—Practise on patience.

The path of duty—Through the Custom House.

A sure preventive of bad dreams—Sleeplessness.

Patrons of husbandry—Mothers with marriageable daughters.

Chinese maxim—Never rub your eyes except with your elbows.

Why are cashmere shawls like deaf people?—Because you can't make them here.

"Oh, mamma, teacher says we're going to study dismal fractions to morrow!" exclaimed Willie, to whom decimal fractions were unknown.

Landlady: "I'm always forgetting—do you take cream in your coffee, Mr. Splude?" Mr. Splude, a pessimistic boarder: "Niver in this house, madam."

Hoax: "Who is the thinnest man in town?" Joax: "Give it up. Who is it?" Hoax: "The end man in a minstrel show. He hasn't a particle of flesh on his bones."

An honest Hibernian, being in bed in a great storm, and told that the house would tumble over his head, made answer—"What care I for the house? I am only a lodger!"

At a printer's festival the following toast was given: "The editor and the lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

Mrs. Le Rounder, angrily: "You have no excuse for staying out so late." Mr. Le Rounder: "Haven't I? Whatchu s'pose I been standin' down on the corner thinkin' 'bout for last half hour?"

Why will America's emblem outlive those of England, France, Ireland and Scotland? Because the rose must fade, the lily droop, the shamrock die, the thistle wither, but the stars are eternal.

"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the distance between the earth and the sun?" "Oh," said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."

A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, struck out a comma after the word "apoplexy," making the sentence read thus: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A man that had but one eye met, early one morning, a person that had a crooked back, and said to him, "Friend, you are loaded betimes." "It is early, indeed," replied the other, "for you have but one of your windows open."

"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science." "Oh," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "No, Judge; there is nothin' I care to say, but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs long enough for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extry."

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't always bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits from his wife's grandfather."

A lawyer residing in the north of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir. If you pay the enclosed bill you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty!"

An Irishman, being recently on trial in New York for some offence, pleaded "Not guilty," and, the jury being in the box, the district attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence Patrick turned his face to the judge and said—

"Do I understand, yer honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness foreninst me?"

The judge said, dryly, "It seems so."

"Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty sure, if yer honor plase—not because I'm guilty, for I'm as innocent as a suckin' babe, but jist on account of havin' Misther Furkisson's bowl."

It is very curious and interesting to note how many of the great men of the world were feeble and unhealthy in childhood. Voltaire was so puny and so weak that he could not be baptized until several months after his birth; Newton too was so small and frail that he was not expected to live, but like Voltaire, he was almost eighty five years old when he died. Sir Walter Scott, until the age of two, was paralyzed in the right leg, but being sent to live in the mountains he became strong and agile. Victor Hugo has himself said that he was born a weakling, and that only constant care, night and day, kept him from perishing.

How to Find Out That Advertisements are Very Generally Read.—If any one of a practical turn of mind desires to test this, and at the same time learn the effect of advertising on business, let him advertise in two lines, in the most obscure part of some newspaper, that he wants to buy a dog. If he does not want the visitation this will bring him, let him insert a line in the midst of a batch of other advertisements that he will no longer pay his wife's bills, and then go among his acquaintances and observe if there is anything peculiar in their manner that would seem to imply that they had read the notice.

The tall girl mused aloud: "What," said she, "can I do to bring the Count to his knees at my feet?" The short girl laughed a hollow, wan little laugh with a dash of bitters in it: "Suppose you drop a dime on the floor."

That Plate means Columbia

THE BEST BICYCLE

The Standard Bicycle of the World.

On the steering-head of every Columbia bicycle of this year's make that name-plate appears. It is unique, handsome, and indicates much—satisfaction and highest enjoyment to the rider.

No other bicycle has ever equalled a Columbia. No other bicycle ever shall equal a Columbia. The greatest bicycle factory in the world says so.

New Price $100

HARTFORDS, next best, $80 $60.
$50 for boys' and girls' sizes.

POPE MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.
BOSTON, CHICAGO,
NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO,
PROVIDENCE, BUFFALO.

An Art Catalogue of these famous wheels at any Columbia Agency, or will be mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

HART CYCLE CO.,
Agents for the Columbia and Hartford Bicycles
816 Arch St., Philadelphia.

For Stomach Or Liver Troubles, Take

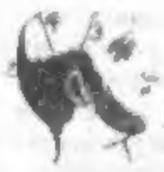
AYER'S Cathartic Pills

Received Highest Awards At World's Fair.

After sickness, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE



1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

WIG

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to [illegible] a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for [illegible] Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

M. S. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov., 26, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after May 12th, 1895.

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Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars, daily 9.00 a m; daily 5.33 p m, 8.45 p m.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.20, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.40, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 5.55, 8.05, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.35, 9.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.05, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.20, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.20, 5.20 6.23, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.20, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m,) 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.50 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.00 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

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